

THE
WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WENTWORTH DILLON,
—
EARL of ROSCOMMON.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
MDCCLIII.

WORKS

OF

THE RIGHT



WENTWORTH

EARL OF ROSCOMMON

GLASGOW

Printed by Robert and A. Smith, Glasgow

1841

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MEMOIRS

OF THE

EARL of ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was descended of an antient family in Ireland, and son of James Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, who had been converted from the Romish communion by Archbishop Usher. He was born in Ireland, when that kingdom was under the administration of the Earl of Strafford, to whom his Lordship's mother (descended from the Boyntons of Bramston in Yorkshire) was nearly related; and when he was baptized, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the surname of his own family, Wentworth. He passed the first years of his infancy in that kingdom, and was educated in the Protestant religion. The Earl of Strafford apprehending, that upon that account his family would be exposed to the most furious effects of religious revenge, at the beginning of the Irish rebellion, sent for him over into England, and placed him at his own seat in Yorkshire, under the tuition of Dr. Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, a Prelate of eminent learning and piety. By him he was instructed in Latin, and, without learning the common rules of

grammar, which he could never retain in his memory, he attained to write in that language with classical elegance and propriety, and with so much ease, that he chose it to correspond with those friends who had learning sufficient to support the commerce.

When the cloud began to gather over England, and the Earl of Strafford was impeached, by the advice of Archbishop Usher, he was sent to complete his education at Caen, in Normandy, under the famous Mr. Bochart. After some years he travelled to Rome, where he grew familiar with the most valuable remains of antiquity; applying himself particularly to the knowledge of medals, which he gained in perfection; and spoke Italian with so much grace and fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a native.

Soon after the restoration, he returned to England, where he was graciously received by King Charles II. and made captain of the band of pensioners; and some time afterwards, master of the horse to the Duchess of York. In the gaieties of that age, he was tempted to indulge a violent passion for gaming, by which he frequently hazarded his life in duels, and exceeded the bounds of a moderate fortune. A dispute with the Lord Privy Seal, about part of his estate, obliging him to revisit his native country, he resigned his post in the English court; and soon after his arrival in Dublin, the Duke of Ormond appointed him

E A R L of R O S C O M M O N. vii

Captain of the guards. He still retained his inclination to gaming, which engaged him in the following adventure.

As he returned to his lodgings from a gaming table, he was attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him. The Earl defended himself with so much resolution, that he dispatched one of the assassins, whilst a gentleman, accidentally passing that way, interposed and disarmed another; the third secured himself by flight. This generous assistant was a disbanded officer, of a good family, and fair reputation; who, by what we call the partiality of fortune, to avoid censuring the iniquities of the times, wanted even a plain sute of clothes to make a decent appearance at the castle. But his Lordship, on this occasion, presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great importunity prevailed with his grace to allow him to resign his post of Captain of the guards, to his friend; which, for about three years, the gentleman enjoyed; and upon his death, the Duke returned the commission to his generous benefactor.

The pleasures of the English court, and the friendships he had there contracted, were powerful motives for his return to London. Soon after his arrival, he was made master of the horse to the Duchess of York, and married the Lady Frances, eldest daughter

ter of Richard Earl of Burlington, who before had been the wife of Colonel Courtney.

Here he distinguished himself by his writings : and about this time, in imitation of those learned and polite assemblies, with which he had been acquainted abroad ; particularly one at Caen (in which his tutor, the celebrated Mr. Bochart, died suddenly, whilst he was delivering an oration ;) he began to form a society for the refining and fixing the standard of our language ; in which design, his great friend Mr. Dryden was a principal assistant. A design, of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable idea, than any rational hope ever to see it brought to perfection among us. This project was entirely defeated by the religious commotions, which ensued on the accession of King James to the throne : at which time the Earl took a resolution to pass the remainder of his life at Rome ; telling his friends, ‘ it would be best to sit next to the chimney when the chamber smoked.’ But amid these reflections, he was seized by the gout, and being too impatient of pain, he permitted a bold French pretender to physic, to apply a repelling medicine, in order to give him present relief, which drove the distemper into his bowels, and in a short time put a period to his life, in the close of the year 1684, at St. James’s. The moment in which he expired, he cried out, with a voice that expressed the most intense fervour of devotion,

EARL OF ROSCOMMON. ix

My God! my father, and my friend,
Do not forsake me at my end.

He was interred, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey; but his reputation, as a writer, will best appear by the following testimonies.

Testimonies of Authors concerning the Earl of Roscommon, and his Writings.

DRYDEN, Preface to his miscellany Poems.

FOR this last half year I have been troubled with the dis-ease, as I may call it, of translation: the cold prose-fits of it, which are always the most tedious with me, were spent in the History of the League; the hot, which succeeded them, in verse miscellanies. The truth is, I fancied to myself a kind of ease in the change of the paroxysm; never suspecting but that the humour would have wasted itself in two or three Pastorals of Theocritus, and as many Odés of Horace. But finding, or at least thinking I found, something that was more pleasing in them, than my ordinary productions, I encouraged myself to renew my old acquaintance with Lucretius and Virgil; and immediately fixed upon some parts of them, which had most affected me in the reading. These were my natural impulses for the undertaking. But there was an accidental motive, which was full as forcible, it was my Lord Roscommon's Essay on translated Verse, which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing the speculation into practice. For many a fair precept in poetry is, like a seeming demonstration in the mathematics, very specious in the diagram, but false in the mechanic operation. I think I have generally observed his instructions: I am sure my reason is sufficiently convinced both of their truth and usefulness; which, in other words, is to confess no less a vanity, than to pretend that I have, at least in some places, made examples to his rules.

DRYDEN, Dedication of the Aeneis to the Duke of Buckingham.

Some of our countrymen have translated Episodes, and other parts of Virgil, with great success. As particularly your Lordship, whose version of Orpheus and Eurydice is eminently good. Amongst the dead authors, the Silenus of my Lord Roscommon cannot be too much commended.

DRYDEN, Postscript to his Virgil.

Whoever has given the world the translation of part of the third Georgic, which he calls the Power of Love, has put me to sufficient pains to make my own not inferior to his; as my Lord Roscommon's Silenus had formerly given me the same trouble.

DRYDEN, Notes on Virgil.

Pastoral sixth. My Lord Roscommon's Notes on this Pastoral are equal to his excellent translation of it, and thither I refer the reader.

CREECH, Preface to his Horace.

What I have borrowed from others, if ever I have stock enough, I will honestly endeavour to repay; but the debt I have contracted from my Lord Roscommon is so vast, that I shall never be able to discharge: to his admirable version I must gratefully acknowledge, that I owe the sense, and the best lines in the Art of Poetry.

POPE, Essay on Criticism.

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;

To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.

ADDISON, An Account of the greatest English Poets.

Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes even rules a noble poetry;
Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
The best of critics, and of poets too.

ADDISON, Spectator, Vol. 4. N^o 253.

I cannot conclude this paper without taking notice, that we have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a master-piece in its kind; the Essay on translated Verse, the Essay on Poetry, and the Essay upon Criticism.

Lord LANSDOWNE, Essay upon unnatural Flights in Poetry.

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight;
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds;
The Stagirite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May in their lessons learn the road to fame.

ESSAYS

TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whose correct* essay
Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
And with strict discipline instructed right,
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.
But since the press, the pulpit and the stage,
Conspire to censure and expose our age:
Provok'd, too far, we resolutely must,
To the few virtues that we have, be just.
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To search the treasures of the Roman store;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore;
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle
With early hope, and fragrant blossoms smile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
And nature seconds all his soft desires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.

* Essay on Poetry, written by the late Duke of Buckinghamshire.

Who has not heard how Italy was blest,
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song, so tender, and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' herse,
 Who does not weep, that reads the moving verse!
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian muses through these happy plains,
 Proclaim Saturnian times, our own Apollo reigns.

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
 The choicest books, that Rome or Greece have known,
 Her excellent translators made her own:
 And Europe still considerably gains,
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our gen'rous emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we shew the world a nobler way,
 And in translated verse, do more than they,
 Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose.
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill.
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.
 Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
 The fault is more their language's, than theirs.
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords.

But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive English energy?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages shine.
 I speak my private, but impartial sense,
 With freedom, and (I hope) without offence:
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit,
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
 'Tis true, composing is the nobler part,
 But good translation is no easy art,
 For tho' materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy, and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment, more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds
 Must be well purg'd, from rank pedantick weeds.
 Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
 At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
 For none have been with admiration read,
 But who (beside their learning) were well-bred.

The first great work, (a task perform'd by few)
 Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
 No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
 Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
 Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
 Begins like Virgil, but like Maevius, ends.
 That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
 Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
 With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound
 Sung 'lofty Ilium tumbling to the ground.'
 And (if my muse can through past ages see)
 That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;

Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!

'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he strove to rend.

Each Poet with a different talent writes,
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then, seek a Poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend.
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your stiles, your souls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With how much ease is a young muse betray'd,
How nice the reputation of the maid?
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years,
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.

Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin-ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flatt'ry's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

5

What mod'rate fop wou'd rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject, proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a Poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street,
To copy bulls and bears; and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good,
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects, and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect, he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend——Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.
On sure foundations let your fabrick rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,

Not by affected, meritricious arts,
 But strict harmonious symmetry of parts:
 Which through the whole insensibly must pass,
 With vital heat to animate the mass.
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as Heav'n, from whence the blessing came;
 But few, oh few souls, praeordain'd by fate,
 The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
 No rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
 By heaping hills on hills can thither climb.
 The grizly ferry-man of hell deny'd
 Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide;
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride wou'd soar to Heav'n without a call?
 Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault,)
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men, who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond, than boast.
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many ages since has Virgil writ?
 How few are they who understand him yet?
 Approach his altars with religious fear,
 No vulgar deity inhabits there:
 Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
 Than Poets shou'd before their Mantuan God.
 Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
 Sublime ideas, and apt words infuse.
 The muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the muse!
 What I have instanc'd only in the best,
 Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

7

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore;
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar:
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessing Phoebus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out,
But once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your stile will this through all disguises show,
For none explain, more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over nice,
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let * Crassus's ghost, and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monaeses' name.

* Her. lib. 3. Od. 6.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Caesar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystick thoughts you must express
With painful care, but seeming easiness;
For truth shines brightest through the plainest dress.
Th' Ænean muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait,
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty scriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Tho' gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known.
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.

But if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care,
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifry, got wealth, and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The lab'ring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossips spirits raise,
Who while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise.
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man,
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For greedy of physicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
His name struck ev'ry where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late, for grace;
And meagre famine star'd him in the face,
Fain wou'd he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad case what cou'd our vermin do?

Worry'd with debts and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill Poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dang'rous, tampering with a muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degen'rate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No Poet any passion can excite;
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumaeen cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting; lo! the God, the God she cries;
With words, not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling thro' the
ground.
But tho' we must obey when Heav'n commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.

As when the chearful hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
 Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Thro' ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat:
 So when a muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
 But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another summons wait.
 Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
 Adult'rate metals to the sterling stamp,
 Appear not meaner, than meer human lines,
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
 These, nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
 There, cold salutes; but here, a lover's kiss.
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
 With foaming waves the passive Soan divide;
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient Poets claim,
 Now turn'd to license by too just a name,
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
 Which scorns to take it——

Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.
 Not thus our heroes of the former days,
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part
 Of what some call neglect, was study'd art.
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
 'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign

To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
 I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
 Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
 Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
 And the rude notions of pedantick schools
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
 Finds nothing harsh, or out of order there.
 Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
 The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear, in numbers should preside,
 And all disputes without appeal decide.
 This ancient Rome, and elder Athens sound,
 Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from Heav'n, Tyrtæus sung,
 In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
 Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
 And what two gen'als lost, a Poet gain'd.
 By secret influence of indulgent skies,
 Empire and poesie together rise.
 True Poets are the guardians of a state,
 And when they fail, portend approaching fate.
 For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
 Was not the vestal, but the muses fire;
 Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age
 E'er felt the raptures of poetick rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
 Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws,
 For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
 Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 13

Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invaders way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearned times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phoebus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

* Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous prose
' Led our exalted souls thro' heav'nly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate thrones
' Defy'd Jehovah! here, 'twixt host and host,
' (A narrow but a dreadful interval)
' Portentous sight! before the cloudy van
' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
' Came towring arm'd in adamant and gold.
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Dispers'd aethereal forms, and down they fell
' By thousands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
' Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew, [woods)
' Which (with their pond'rous load, rocks, waters,
' From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops
' They bore like shields before them thro' the air,
' 'Till more incens'd they hurl'd 'em at their foes.
' All was confusion, Heav'n's foundation shook,
' Threat'ning no less than universal wreck,
' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
' And over-press'd whole legions weak with sin:
' Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,

* An Essay on Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, Book VI.

'Till the great Ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
 And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son
 (Effulgence of Paternal Deity)
 Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand
 Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
 And sent them flaming to the vast abyfs.

O may I live to hail the glorious day,
 And sing loud paeans through the crowded way,
 When in triumphant state the British muse,
 True to herself, shall barb'rous aid refuse,
 And in the Roman majesty appear,
 Which none know better, and none come so near.

A PARAPHRASE on the

CXLVIIIth P S A L M.

O Azure vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know
 With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of War,
 Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
 Let ecchoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in Heav'n his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day,
 O praise his name, without whose purer light
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyfs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
By God's command, your influence;
Resign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious spheres,
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whose command is th' universal law:

Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him ye monsters of the deep,
That in the seas vast bosoms sleep;
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you who thro' the concave blow,

Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempest, praise th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,
All Heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground,
With heav'nly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,
That on his stores do daily feast:
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestick monarchs, mortal Gods,
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain;
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives:
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time;
O praise him in your youthful prime:
Praise him fair idols of our greedy sense;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,
When Heav'n, and earth, and all is past:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of Gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

A PROLOGUE *spoken to his Royal*
Highness the Duke of YORK,
at EDINBURGH.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,
 The common subjects of our scribbling tribe;
 But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
 All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,
 Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
 Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,
 Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne
 Was once supported, Sir, by you alone:
 Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,
 Yet trusted then with her last desp'rate stake:
 When wealthy neighbours strove with us for pow'r,
 Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,
 Swift as an eagle, our victorious Prince,
 Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
 His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,
 He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,
 And while th' heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
 Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

Oh happy islands, if you knew your bliss!
 Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his,
 Express your gratitude the only way,
 And humbly own a debt too vast to pay:
 Let fame aloud to future ages tell,
 None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well;
 While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
 So loyal, so submissively design'd,
 Proclaim that such a hero never springs,
 But from the uncorrupted blood of Kings.

VIRGIL's *Sixth Eclogue*,
S I L E N U S
 TRANSLATED.

The ARGUMENT.

Two young shepherds, Chromis and Mnasyllus, having been often promis'd a song by Silenus, chance to catch him asleep in this eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promise. Silenus finding they wou'd be put off no longer, begins his song; in which he describes the formation of the universe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philosophy; and then runs through the most surprising transformations which have happen'd in Nature since her birth. This eclogue was design'd as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who instructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philosophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnasyllus as the two pupils.

My aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latin, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some names and passages of this eclogue, I have

directed them by figures to the postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common road.

SILENUS.

ECLOGA VI.

FAUNORUM, SATYRORUM ET SYLVANORUM DELECTATIO.

PRIMA *Syracosis dignata est ludere versu,*

Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

Cum canerem reges, et praelia, Cynthus aurem

Vellit, et admonuit: pastorem, Tityre, pingues

Pascere oportet oves, deductum dicere carmen.

Nunc ego, (namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,

Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella)

Agrestem tenui meditabor arundine musam.

Non injussa cano. si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis

Captus amore leget; te nostrae, Vare, myricae,

Te nemus omne canet. nec Phoebogrator ulla est,

Quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.

THE
SIXTH ECLOGUE.
S I L E N U S.

I First of Romans stoop'd to rural strains,
Nor blush'd to dwell among (a) Sicilian swains,
When my (b) Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And Kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phoebus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,
And with this whisper check th' aspiring muse.
A shepherd (Tityrus) his flock should feed,
And choose a subject suited to his reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious pen prepares
To write thy praises, Varus, and thy wars)
My past'ral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And ev'ry grove and ev'ry eccho ring.
Phoebus delights in Varus fav'rite name;
And none who under that protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.

*Pergite, Pierides. Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro
Silenum pueri somno videre jacentem,
Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.
Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant :
Et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
Aggressi (nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo
Luserat) injiciunt ipsis ex vincula fertis.
Addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Ægle :
Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima. jamque videnti
Sanguineis frontem moris, et tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens, Quo vincula neclitis? inquit.
Solvite me, pueri. satis est potuisse videri.
Carmina quae vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. simul incipit ipse.
Tum vero in numerum saunosque ferasque videres
Ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus.
Nec tantum Phoebos gaudet Parnassia rupes :
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea.
Namque canebat, uti magnum par inane coacta
Semina terrarumque, animaeque, marisque fuissent,
Et liquidi simul ignis: ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto
Coeperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas.*

Proceed, my muse.

Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the ground;
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they (c) bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitless hope of his instructive song:
But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,
Ægle, the fairest (d) Nais of the flood,
With a (e) vermilion dye his temples stain'd.
Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?
Loose me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd verse no longer I'll delay,
(She shall be satisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their list'ning branches bow'd,
And savage beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd; }
For lo! he sung the world's stupendous birth,
How scatter'd seeds of sea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through universal night
And empty space, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th'innumerable race of things,
By circular successive order springs.

By what degrees this earth's compacted sphere
Was hardned, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How sinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,

*Jamque novum ut terrae stupeant lucescere solem,
Altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres :
Incipiant sylvae cum primum surgere, cumque
Rara per ignotos errent animalia montes.
Hinc lapides Pyrrhae jactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethæi.
His adjungit, Hylan nautæ quo fonte relictum
Clamassent : ut litus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret.
Et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaën nivei solatur amore juvenci,
Ah, virgo infelix, quæ te dementia cepit ?
Proetides implerunt falsis mugitibus agros :
At non tam turpes pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
Concubitus, quamvis collo tenuisset aratrum,
Et sæpe in laevi quæfisset cornua fronte.
Ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras !
Ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
Ilice sub nigra pallentes ruminat herbas,
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. claudite nymphae,
Dictææ nymphae, nemorum jam claudite saltus :
Si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
Errabunda bovis vestigia, forsitan illum
Aut herba captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
Perducant aliquæ stabula ad Gortynia vaccae,*

While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born sun surpris'd the dazled sight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obscure the sky,
And clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply;
How the first forest rais'd its shady head,
Till when, few wandering beasts on unknown moun-
tains fed.

Then Pyrrha's stony race rose from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire
(f) Rival'd the sun with his own heav'nly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vultures endless prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods cou'd tell?)
Into whose arms the lovely (g) Hylas fell;
Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost,
Hylas in vain resounds through all the coast.

He with compassion told Pasiphae's fault,
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty thought?
The (h) maids of Argos, who with frantick cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with such unnat'ral heat.
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on mountains stray,
He on soft flow'rs his snowy side does lay;
Or seeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, she cries, surround the grove;
Perhaps some footsteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in search of him I rove,
My happier rivals have intic'd him home.

Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam:
Tum Phaethontiadæ musco circumdat amaræ
Corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.
Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montes ut duxerit una sororum;
Utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;
Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor,
Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos (en accipe) musæ,
Ascraeo quos ante seni: quibus ille solebat
Cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos.
His tibi Grynæi nemoris dicatur origo:
Nēquis sit lucus, quo se plus jactet Apollo.
Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est,
Candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstribus
Dulichias vexasse rates, et gurgite in alto
Ab timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis?
Aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus?
Quas illi Philomela dapes, quæ dona pararit?
Quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus ante
Infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis?

He sung how Atalanta was betray'd
By those Hesperian baits her lover laid,
And the sad sisters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd.
All he describ'd was present to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verse, the poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which muse did by Apollo's will
Guide wand'ring (*i*) Gallus to th' Aonian hill:
(Which place the God for solemn meetings chose)
With deep respect the learned senate rose,
And (*k*) Linus thus (deputed by the rest)
The hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd:
This harp of old to Hesiod did belong,
To this, the muses gift, join thy harmonious song;
Charm'd by these strings, trees starting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the pow'rful sound.
Thus consecrated, thy (*l*) Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.

Why shou'd I speak of the (*m*) Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And (*n*) her, who round with barking monsters arm'd,
The wand'ring Greeks (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
(*o*) Whose only hope on shatter'd ships depends,
While fierce sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd shape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to those woods directs her mournful course,
Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,
While loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her own?

Omnia quae, Phoebæ quondam meditante, beatus

Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros,

Ille canit. pulsæ referunt ad sidera valles.

Cogere donec oves stabulis, numerumque referre

Jussit, et invito processit vesper Olympo.

Whatever near (*p*) Eurota's happy stream
With laurels crown'd had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus sings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And send his mystick numbers through the sky;
Till Night began to spread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted sheep from ev'ry dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing shades the murr'ring world resign'd.

POSTSCRIPT.

- a* **S** *Sicilian*——Virgil, in his eclogue, imitates Theocritus, a Sicilian Poet.
- b* *Thalia*——The name of the Rural Muse.
- c* *Varus*——A great favourite of Augustus, the same that was kill'd in Germany, and lost the Roman legions.
- d* *Chromis and Mnasyllus*——Some interpreters think these were young satyrs, others will have them shepherds: I rather take them for satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
- e* *They bound*——Proteus, Pan, and Silenus would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
- f* *Nais*——The Latin word for a water-nymph.
- g* *Vermilion dye*——The colour that Pan and Silenus lov'd best.
- h* *Rival'd the sun*——Minerva delighted with the art and industry of Prometheus (who had made an image of clay so perfect that it wanted nothing but life,) carried him up to Heav'n, where he lighted a wand at the chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his image. OVID. 2 Met.
- i* *Hylas*——Favourite of Hercules, who was drown'd in a well, which made the Poets say that a nymph had stole him away. I use the word *resounds* (in the present tense) because Strabo (who lived at the same time as Virgil) seems to intimate, that the Prussians continued then their annual rites to his memory, repeating his name with loud cries.
- k* *The Maids of Argos*——Daughters of Praetis King of Argos, who presum'd so much upon their beauty, that they prefer'd it to Juno's, who in revenge struck them with such madness that they thought themselves

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 31

cow's. They were at last cured by Melampodes with hellebore, and for that reason, black hellebore is called Melampodion.

- l *Gallus*——An excellent Poet and great friend of Virgil, he was afterwards Praetor of Ægypt, and being accused of some conspiracy, or rather called upon for some monies, of which he could give no good account, he kill'd himself. It is the same Gallus you read of in the last eclogue: and Suidas says, that Virgil means him by Aristæus, in the divine conclusion of his Georgicks.
- m *Linus*, son of Apollo and Calliope.
- n *The Grynaean grove*——Consecrated to Apollo; by this he means some poem writ upon that subject by Gallus.
- o *The Megarian Maid*——Sylla, daughter of Nisus King of Megara, who falling in love with Minos, betrayed her father and country to him, but he abhorring her treason, rejected her.
- p *Her who round*——Another Sylla, daughter of Phorcis, whose lower parts were turned into dogs by Circe; and she, in despair, flung her self into the sea.
- q *Whose only hope*——Ulysses's ships were not lost, though Sylla devoured several of his men.
- r *Eurotas*——A river in Greece whose banks were shaded with laurels; Apollo retired thither to lament the death of his dear Hyacinthus, whom he had accidentally killed.

O D E upon S O L I T U D E.

I.

HAIL sacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempestuous sea,
And with wise pride despise
All those senseless vanities;
With pity mov'd for others, cast away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I see 'em toss'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice I see 'em lost:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men, or adverse fate,
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted state.
But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,
Whilst virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest charms,
And sunk in pleasures, and in brutish ease,
They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate
please.

II.

Hail, sacred Solitude, soul of my soul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;
Dost each unruly appetite control:
Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.
Presuming love does ne'er invade
This private solitary shade;

And, with fantastick wounds by beauty made,
The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,
The solid comforts of this happy sphere;

Yet I exalted love admire,
Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,
And purify'd from lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,

For I am with my friend alone,

As if we were but one;

'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

III.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow

. All blessings man can hope to know;

Here in a deep recess of thought we find

Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;

Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-
ledge rise,

Which make us happy, as they make us wise:

Here may I always on this downy grass,

Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass:

'Till with a gentle force victorious death

My solitude invade,

And, stopping for a while my breath,

With ease convey me to a better shade.

A D A R I S T I U M.

O D E XXII.

Vitae integritatem et innocentiam ubiq; esse tutam.

I Nteger vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauri jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis graviora sagittis,

Fusce, pharetra:

Sive per Syrtes iter aestuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum, vel quae loca fabulosus

Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,

Fugit inermem.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit esculetis:

Nec Jubae tellus generat, leonum

Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis

Arbor aestiva recreatur aura:

Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque

Jupiter urget:

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis, in terra domibus negata:

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,

Dulce loquentem.

*The Twenty Second ODE of the First
Book of HORACE.*

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,

The surest guard is innocence:

None knew, 'till guilt created fear,

What darts or poison'd arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes

Through Libyan sands or Scythian snows,

Or where Hydaspes' wealthy side

Pays tribute to the Persian pride.

For as (by am'rous thoughts betray'd)

Careless in Sabin woods I stray'd,

A grisly foaming wolf unfed,

Met me unarm'd, yet, trembling fled.

No beast of more portentous size

In the Hercinian forest lies;

None fiercer, in Numidia bred,

With Carthage were in triumph led.

Set me in the remotest place,

That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;

Where angry Jove did never spare

One breath of kind and temp'rate air.

Set me where on some pathless plain

The swarthy Africans complain,

To see the chariot of the Sun

So near their scorching country run.

The burning zone, the frozen isles,

Shall hear me sing of Caelia's smiles:

All cold but in her breast I will despise,

And dare all heat but that in Caelia's eyes.

The SAME imitated.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
 No arms, but its own innocence;
 Quivers and bows, and poison'd darts,
 Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

An honest mind safely alone
 May travel through the burning zone;
 Or thro' the deepest Scythian fnows,
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

While rul'd by a resistless fire,
 Our great * Orinda I admire,
 The hungry wolves that see me stray,
 Unarm'd and single, run away.

Set me in the remotest place
 That ever Neptune did embrace;
 When there her image fills my breast,
 Helicon is not half so blest.

Leave me upon some Libyan plain,
 So she my fancy entertain,
 And when the thirsty monsters meet,
 They'll all pay homage to my feet.

The magic of Orinda's name
 Not only can their fierceness tame,
 But if that mighty word I once rehearse,
 They seem submissively to roar in verse.

* Mrs. Catharine Philips.

REMARKS on the foregoing ODE, TO FUSCUS ARISTIUS.

HORACE writes to the same Aristius Fuscus, to whom he address'd the tenth epistle of the first book. He was a rhetorician, grammarian and Poet. There is not any thing in this ode by which one may make a conjecture in what time it was made; but if this Lalage is the same with her in the fifth ode in the second book, of which I make no doubt, it must have been written much later than the other. No one has hitherto given any light as to the occasion of this ode, let us see what conjecture can be made of it.

Fuscus Aristius was in love with Lalage: Horace, who was in a strict league of friendship with him, and who also lov'd Lalage, but rather as the friend of Aristius than as his rival, writes him an account of an adventure that happen'd to him, in which Lalage had preserv'd him from an eminent danger, upon the account of his having sung her praises. He attributes his safety to this mistress, whom he looks upon as a Goddess coming to his succour, in reward for those sentiments, as respectful as passionate, which he had for her. This is the reason he begins the ode with describing his being innocent, and free from any vicious intentions. This is making a great compliment to Lalage, and at the same time confirming the friendship of his rival, by preventing his being jealous of him.

This ode is so polite and gallant, as never to be sufficiently commended.

Lin. 1. Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus. These are Greek phrases, in which the preposition *ex* is to be understood; for let the grammarians say what they will, *integer* and *purus* can never govern a genitive case.

Lin. 2. Mauri jaculis. He speaks of the darts of the Moors, by reason those people shot wonderfully from the bow.

Lin. 3. Venenatis sagittis. The Moors were obliged to poison their arrows, to defend themselves from wild beasts, which their country was full of.

Lin. 5. Per Syrtis aestuosas. It is not to be understood here that which is properly call'd the Syrtis of Africa, but all sorts of places, sandy and burning, as those countries are over against the Syrtis.

Lin. 6. Inhospitalem Caucasum. The Greeks called this mountain *Ἰκαρον, ἄξιον, ἀπένδρωνον*. Horace has express'd it all by this one word *inhospitalis*. Caucasus is between the Euxine and Hircanian seas, and properly signifies the rampart of Scythia.

Lin. 7. Fabulosus Hydaspes. Hydaspes is a river in India; it is now called Lobchan. *Fabulosus* does not signify fabulous, but renown'd, famous. Pliny has call'd Atlas after the same manner, *fabulosissimum Africae montem*, the most celebrated mountain of Africa.

Lin. 9. Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina. He speaks upon another occasion after the same manner, that being one day asleep in a very retir'd place the doves cover'd him with leaves of laurel and myrtle, and that he slept there safely in the midst of vipers and bears.

Lin. 13. Militaris Daunia. Daunia is properly that part of Apulia which juts out into the Adriatick sea, where is Sipontus and mount Gargan, now call'd mount St. Angelo: but all Apulia, from the Samnites even to Calabria, was also called Daunia, as is all Italy. Horace uses it here in the second signification, and calls it warlike, by reason it produces very good soldiers.

Lin. 14. In latis esculetis. Apulia is much over-run with wood, it is that which is named by the Greeks Daunia, from the word *Δαῦλος, Δαῦνος*, which signifies covert, thick, thicket, Hefych. *Δαῦλον δασύ*. Daunia terra is then

properly γῆ δασέα, a land of much under-woody covert. Mr. Guget had written this remark on the margin of his Horace, which the learned Mr. Menage lent me.

Lin. 15. *Nec Jubae tellas.* Mauritania is a part of Numidia, which was under the government of Juba, who had there so great a number of lions and tigers, that the people were at last forc'd to abandon their dwellings, and the tilling of their ground.

Lin. 17. *Pone me pigris.* He means, there is no place so savage, nor so hideous, that the thoughts of his mistress wou'd not render agreeable to him, and where that Goddess, whose powerful protection he has already experienc'd, could not send him succour, and draw him out of all those dangers which shou'd threaten his life. 'Tis on this account he is resolv'd always to love her, and this love will be a certain refuge for him in every danger. In all the books of chivalry there is nothing more gallant.

Pigris campis. These four verses admirably design the two polar zones, which are always environ'd by ice and killing frosts. *Pigri campi* wonderfully express countries condemned to a perpetual sterility, and in a manner depriv'd of the motion of life.

Lin. 19. *Quod latus mundi.* *Latus* is a very proper word, the two zones being the two sides of the world.

Malusque Jupiter urget. This expression is extremely fine and very poetical. He looks upon those places as deform'd by Jupiter as a mark of his anger: nothing cou'd better paint the inclemency of a climate: Jupiter, for the air.

Lin. 21. *Pone sub curru.* Under the torrid zone, between the two tropicks.

Lin. 22. *In terra domibus negata.* The ancients believ'd the torrid zone to be intirely uninhabitable, but now every one knows that it is not only inhabited, but also very temperate thro' the happy mixture of warmth by day, and the fresh breezes of the night.

Lin. 23. *Dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem.* Horace has here join'd two the most considerable allurements, the grace of making her laugh and speak agreeably. He has translated word for word this fine passage of Sapho.

Καὶ ἁλᾶστον ἄδ' ὁ φωνῶσας ὑπὸ κούρῳ
Καὶ γελῶσας ἱμεῖρόεν.

*Who hears you speak with so much pleasure,
And is charm'd whene'er you smile,*

ON

MR. DRYDEN'S

RELIGIO LAICI.

BE GON you slaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free, impartial men from Dryden learn
Mysterious secrets of a high concern,
And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel; but what's that to you?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannick pow'r assume,
And wou'd for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That church detain'd the legacy divine:
Fanaticks cast the pearls of heav'n to swine:

F

What then have honest thinking men to do,
But choose a mean between th' usurping two?

Nor can th' Ægyptian Patriarch blame my muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The PREFACE sure was his own act and deed.
Our church will have that preface read (you'll say)
'Tis true, but so she will th' Apocrypha;
And such as can believe them freely may. }

But did that God (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their King;
Yet leave his fav'rite, man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they cou'd not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
(And so do all their followers that rebel;)
If then, a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,
Shall the great gulph be show'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the fall'n angels rooms will be but ill supply'd.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats, for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep, for actions not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity profusely shown
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own.
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

Part of the Fifth SCENE of the Second
ACT in *Guarini's PASTOR FIDO*.

AMARILLI.

C*A*RE *setue beate*
E voi solinghi, e taciturni horrori
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri.
O quanto volentieri
A riuederui i torno, e se le stelle
M'hauesser dato inforte
Di viuer a me stessa, e di far vita
Conforme a le mie voglie;
Io gia co campi Elisi
Fortunato giardin de semidei
La vostr'ombra gentil non cangerei.
"Che se ben dritto miro
"Questi beni mortali
"Altro non son che mali:
"Men' ha, chi piu n'abbonda,
"E posseduto e piu, che non possede,
"Richezze no, ma lacci
"De l'altrui libertate.
"Che val ne piu verdi anni
"Titolo di bellezza,
"O fama d'honestate,
"E'n mortal sangue nobilta celeste:
"Tante grazie del Cielo, e de la terra.
"Qui larghi, e lieti campi
"E la felici piagge,
"Fecondi paschi, e piu secondo armento,
"Se'n tanti beni il cor non e contento?

Translated into English.

AH happy grove! dark and secure retreat
Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented shade
Suits with the chaste retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been so much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I wou'd here confine,
And only this Elysium shou'd be mine:
Fond men by passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those idols which their fancy made;
Purchasing riches, with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Opprest with blessings which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an inconstant good,
Vain are the boasted titles of our blood;
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And with our youth our short-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more;

*Felice pastorella,
Cui cinge a pena il fianco
Pouera si, ma schietta,
E candida gonnella.
Ricca sol di se stessa,
E de le grazie di natura adorna,
Che'n dolce pouertate
Ne pouerta conosce, ne i disagi
De le ricchezze sente,
Ma tutto quel possiede
Per cui desio d'hauer non la tormenta;
Nuda si, ma contenta.
Co doni di natura
I doni di natura anco nudrica;
Col latte, il latte auuiua
E col dolce de l'api
Condisce il mel de le natie dolcezze.
Quel fonte ond'ella beue,
Quel solo anco la bagna, e la consiglia;
Paga lei, pago il mondo:
Per lei di nemi il ciel s'oscura indarno,
E di grandine s'arma,
Che la sua pouerta nulla pauenta:
Nuda si, ma contenta.
Sola una dolce, e d'ogn' affanno sgombra
Cura le sta nel core.
Pasce le verdi herbette
La greggia a lei commessa, ed ella pasce
De suo' begli occhi il pastorello amante,*

How happy is the harmless country-maid,
Who rich by nature scorns superfluous aid!
Whose modest clothes no wanton eyes invite,
But like her soul preserves the native white;
Whose little store her well-taught mind does please,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton ease,
Who free from storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few wishes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can discompose her breast,
Love, of all cares, the sweetest and the best;
While on sweet grass her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;

*Non qual le destinaro
O gli buomini, o le stelle,
Ma qual le diede amore.
E tra l'ombrese piante
D'un favorito lor mirteto adorno
Vagheggiata il vagheggia, ne per lui
Sente foco d'amor, che non gli scopra,
Ned'ella scopre ardor, ch'egli non senta,
Nuda si, ma contenta.
O vera vita, che non sa che sia
Morire innanzi morte.*

Not one on whom or Gods or men impose,
But one whom love has for this lover chose,
Under some fav'rite myrtle's shady boughs,
They speak their passions in repeated vows,
And whilst a blush confesses how she burns,
His faithful heart makes as sincere returns ;
Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE

D R E A M.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,
 Who, tho' his victories as num'rous are,
 Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,
 But woful cares that load men while they wake.
 When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight
 Of all the baneful troubles of the light,
 Dorinda came, divested of the scorn
 Which the unequall'd maid so long had worn;
 How oft, in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
 To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid?
 Yet spite of all the pride that swells her mind,
 The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
 A rising blush increas'd the native store
 Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
 Once more present the vision to my view,
 The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me die.

*The GHOST of the Old House of Commons,
to the New One, appointed to meet
at OXFORD.*

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,
A seasonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no disease
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease:
And of all other, the most tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent Kings,
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by degrees, with industry and skill:
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin;
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.
The busy, subtle serpents of the law,
Did first my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the King prescribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew seditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd,
The Robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none so deeply read;

I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Pris'ners and witnesses were waiting by,
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
B—— and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The King's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchick hereticks of state,
Immoral atheists, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villany had try'd:
None knew so well the old pernicious way,
To ruin subjects, and make Kings obey;
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving eighty, back to forty-eight.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy island cou'd afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradise, one only tree
He had excepted by a strict decree;
A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear;
Beware, my child! divinity is there.

This so undid all I had done before,
 I cou'd attempt, and he endure no more,
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death;
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
 To th' utter darkness of the lower world:
 A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
 If you believe seducers more than me.

On the Death of a LADY's Dog.

THOU, happy creature, art secure
 From all the torments we endure:
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee;
 A sullen prudence drew thee hence
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence,
 Tho' life essay'd the surest wile,
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile.
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,
 Thou who cou'dst break from Laura's arms!
 Poor cynick! still methinks I hear
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear;
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.
 How fondly human passions turn!
 What we then envy'd, now we mourn!

SONG.

*On a young Lady who sung finely, and
was afraid of a cold.*

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
'Till fatal tempests swell the sea,

In vain let sinking pilots pray,

Beneath thy yoke let nature bend,
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,
Thro' woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser ills create,
These we can bear; but gentle fate,
And thou blest genius of our isle,
From winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day
With extasy transport our souls,
Whilst all our passions it controls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold destroy,
All taste we have of heav'nly joy.

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

33

EPILOGUE to ALEXANDER

the Great, when acted at the

Theatre in DUBLIN.

YOU'VE seen to night the glory of the East,

The man, who all the then known world possess,
That Kings in chains, did son of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.

Him fortune only favour'd for her sport,
And when his conduct wanted her support,
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.

Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,

Secur'd by higher Pow'rs, exalted stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;

Those miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That Heav'n has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depose
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.

Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And stopt our Prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a mist before this radiant day.

So when, in heav'n, the mighty rebels rose,
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd,
God kept the conquest for his best Belov'd:

At sight of such Omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.

All who before him did ascend the throne,
 Labour'd to draw three restiff nations on.
 He boldly drives 'em forward without pain,
 They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command;
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand;
 But when his mercy without pow'r appears,
 We slight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.
 How weak in arms did Civil Discord shew!
 Like Saul she struck with fury at her foe;
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,
 Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born:
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride,
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

O N T H E D A Y of J U D G M E N T.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
 As David and the Sibyls say.

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial faults to find?

III.

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
 And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and death shall, with surprise,
 Behold the pale offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal dread,
 The sacred mystick book be read,
 To try the living, and the dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful throne,
 He makes each secret sin be known,
 And all with shame confess their own.

VII.

O then! what interest shall I make,
 To save my last important stake,
 When the most just have cause to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable King,
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
 Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
 In storms of guilty terror tost.

H

XI.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.

XII.

Thou whom avenging pow'rs obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting day.

XIII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep: accept my tears.

XIV.

Thou who wer't mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by absolving of the thief,
Hast giv'n me hope, now give relief.

XV.

Reject not my unworthy pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous snare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XVI.

Give my exalted soul a place,
Among thy chosen right-hand race;
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVII.

From that insatiable abyss,
Where flames devour, and serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

XVII.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death,
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

PROLOGUE to POMPEY.

*A Tragedy, translated by Mrs. K. PHILIPS, from
the French of Monsieur CORNEILLE, and acted
at the Theatre in DUBLIN.*

THE mighty rivals, whose destructive rage
Did the whole world in civil arms engage,
Are now agreed; and make it both their choice,
To have their fates determin'd by your voice.
Caesar from none but you will have his doom,
He hates th' obsequious flatteries of Rome:
He scorns, where once he rul'd, now to be try'd,
And he hath rul'd in all the world beside.
When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile
Had stain'd with blood, peace flourish'd in this isle;
And you alone may boast, you never saw
Caesar till now, and now can give him law.

Great Pompey too, comes as a suppliant here,
 But says he cannot now begin to fear:
 He knows your equal justice, and (to tell
 A Roman truth) he knows himself too well.
 Success, 'tis true, waited on Caesar's side,
 But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he dy'd.
 His fortune, when she prov'd the most unkind,
 Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
 Then of what doubt can Pompey's cause admit,
 Since here so many Cato's judging sit?

But you, bright nymphs, give Caesar leave to woo,
 The greatest wonder of the world, but you,
 And hear a muse, who has that hero taught
 To speak as generously as e'er he fought.
 Whose eloquence from such a theme deters
 All tongues but English, and all pens but hers.
 By the just fates your sex is doubly blest,
 You conquer'd Caesar, and you praise him best.

And you (* illustrious Sir) receive as due,
 A present destiny reserv'd for you.
 Rome, France and England join their forces here,
 To make a poem worthy of your ear.
 Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
 Who gave so many crowns, bestow one now,

* The Lord Lieutenant.

ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,
 Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;
 Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
 To knaves a fool, to cred'lous fools a knave,
 The King's betrayer, and the peoples slave. }
 Like Samuel, at thy necromantick call,
 I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
 I strove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
 Streams will run muddy where the spring's impure.
 In all your meritorious life, we see
 Old Taaf's invincible sobriety.
 Places of Master of the Horse, and spy,
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply:
 From Sidney's blood your loyalty did spring;
 You show us all your parents, but the King,
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms,
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms;
 As dutiful a subject, as a son)
 To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th' old apostate fell,
 Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,
 The first and fairest of the sons of light:
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

ROMANOS.

HOR. LIB. III. ODE VI.

Corruptos suae aetatis mores infectatur.

DELICTA majorum immeritus lues,
 Romane: donec templa refeceris,
 Aedesque labentes Doorum, et
 Foeda nigro simulacra fumo.

Dis te minorem quod geris, imperas.
 Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum.
 Di multa neglecti dederunt
 Hesperiae mala luctuosae.

Jam bis Monacses, et Pacori manus
 Non auspicatos contudit impetus
 Nostros, et adjecisse praedam
 Torquibus exiguis ronidet.

Pene occupatam seditionibus
 Delevit urbem Dacus, et Aethiops:
 Hic classe formidatus, ille
 Missilibus melior sagittis.

THE
SIXTH ODE

Of the Third Book of HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will cost you dear,
Unless you soon repair

The falling temples which the Gods provoke,
And statues sully'd yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heav'n, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their respect)
Hath sharply punish'd your neglect;
All empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Crassus' ghost, and Labienus tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with insulting pride,
Shining in Roman spoils, the Parthian victors ride,

The Scythian and Egyptian feun
Had almost ruin'd Rome,
While our seditions took their part,
Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

THE

*Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
Primum inquinavere, et genus, et domos.
Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam, populumque fluxit.*

*Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et fingitur artubus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.*

*Mox juniores quaerit adulteros.
Inter mariti vina: neque eligit,
Cui donet impermissa raptim
Gaudia, luminibus remotis:*

*Sed jussa coram non sine conscio
Surgit marito: seu vocat institor,
Seu navis Hispanae magister,
Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*

*Non his juventus orta parentibus
Insecit aequor sanguine Punico,*

First, those flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious streams of crowding sins began,
And through the spurious breed and guilty nation ran.

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artists, at a mighty price,
Instruct her in the mysteries of vice;
What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.

Marry'd, their lessons she improves
By practice of adult'rous loves,
And scorns the common mean design,
To take advantage of her husband's wine,
Or snatch, in some dark place,
A hasty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd husband knows of all,
And bids her rise when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the Straits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city Cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the flesh of heirs,
Convenient brutes, whose tributary flame,
Pays the full price of lust, and gilds the slighted shame.

'Twas not the spawn of such as these,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd seas,
And quash'd the stern Æacides;

*Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
 Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum;*

*Sed rusticorum mascula militum
 Proles, Sabellis docta ligonibus
 Versare glebas, et severae
 Matris ad arbitrium recisos*

*Portare fustes, sol ubi montium
 Mutaret umbras, et juga demeret
 Bobus fatigatis, amicum
 Tempus agens abeunte curru.*

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
 Aetas parentum peior avis tulit
 Nos nequiores, mox daturos
 Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Made the proud Asian monarch feel
How weak his gold was against Europe's steel,
Forc'd ev'n dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But soldiers of a rustick mould,
Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or thro' hewn woods their weighty strokes did found.

And after the declining sun
Had chang'd the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worse than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we,
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

REMARKS on the foregoing ODE.

THIS ode is a lesson of morality. Horace is persuading the Romans, that contempt of religion, and corruption of manners, were the sole causes of all the misfortunes which had befallen Rome. The time when it was written was after the defeat of Antony, about the year of Rome, DCCXXIV, or DCCXXV.

Lin. 1. Delicta majorum immeritus lues.] The Pagans had discover'd this truth, that posterity might suffer for a crime of their ancestors; and that till such crime was aton'd for, the children of the offenders were liable to the punishment due to their crimes.

Lin. 2. Donec templa refeceris.] He means the temples which had been burn'd during the wars. This points at Augustus in particular: for that Prince was very diligent in repairing the temples which had been demolish'd or burnt, and raising them up again.

Lin. 3. Ædesque labentes Deorum.] The difference between an *aedes sacra* and a temple, was this; *aedes sacra*, was properly a sacred edifice dedicated to some Deity, but without the ceremony of the augurs; a temple was a certain space of ground set apart by the augurs, but not hallow'd nor consecrated to any of the Gods, as the Rostra, Curia Pompeia, Curia Julia, Curia Hostilia. Hence it is no hard matter to conceive how one might be turn'd into the other; that is, how a temple might be made an *aedes sacra*, and an *aedes sacra* a temple: there were several at Rome, which were both the one and the other at the same time.

Lin. 4. Et foeda nigro simulachra fumo.] This is a fine passage. Horace, after he had spoke of the temples being burnt, sets before the eyes of the Romans the statues of the Gods, all over black with the smoke of the flames which had turn'd

the temples to ashes. Here it is proper to mention what we find in Book I. Ode XXXV. which was written a little after this:

— *Quid intactum nefasti*

Liquimus? unde manus juvenus

Metu Deorum continuit? quibus

Pepercit aris? —

Profane wretches! what have we not defil'd? in what instance has the fear of the Gods restrain'd the sacrilegious hands of our young soldiers? is there any one of the altars which they have spar'd?

Lin. 5. *Dis te minorem quod geris imperas.*] Christians themselves could not have given better instructions to Princes: you are no longer Kings than you own a God above you, and trust in his power. This Horace writ not so much for the Roman people, as for Augustus; of whom, Book I. Ode XII. speaking to Jupiter, he says,

Te minor latum reget aequus orbem:

He will ever own you to be above him; he will content himself with the government of the world.

Lin. 6. *Hinc omne principium.*] He says we should begin all our works with prayer to the Gods, and end them with thanksgivings. This he recommends as a seasonable precept, after so much misery which had follow'd upon the contempt of religion.

Lin. 8. *Hesperiae.*] Italy, call'd also *Hesperia proxima*, to distinguish it from Spain, which was call'd *Hesperia ultima*.

Lin. 9. *Jam bis Monaeses.*] Undoubtedly Horace speaks here of the two victories which the Parthians got over the Romans, one under Monaeses, and the other under Pacorus their generals. He likewise imputes these misfortunes of the Romans to the contempt which they had shewn to religion.

It is probable that one of these victories of the Parthians, was the defeat of Crassus, who march'd against the Parthians, in defiance of all the unlucky omens which happen'd both at Rome, and in the camp, as Dion reports. Hist. Book XL. But the difficulty is to know whether Crassus was defeated by Monaesès, who was a chief man about King Orodes. Historians agree that it was Surena who routed Crassus. What is Surena? not a proper name, but a title of dignity, and signifies, the King's Lieutenant: now Monaesès was the second man of the empire: and therefore it is probable that Surena was the title of Monaesès. This passage of Horace is very considerable; for it is the only one of all antiquity which gives us light in this famous story. The victory of Monaesès over the Romans proved fatal to himself: for King Orodes growing jealous of his glory, put him to death soon after it. And therefore that Monaesès, who put himself into Antony's hands seventeen years after this defeat of Crassus, and whom Antony sent back to Phraates, either because he suspected him, or because he hop'd he might do him good service about the Prince, was the son of the former.

Et Pacori manus.] Pacorus was the eldest son of Orodes, who sent him to ravage Syria presently upon the defeat of Crassus: but he was then so young, that he had only the name of general, and Ozaces commanded the army. He was sent thither again with Labienus two or three years after, and did great service; for he subdued all Syria, except Tyre, as Dion writes, Book XLVIII. He was defeated and slain three years after by Ventidius, Antony's Lieutenant.

Lin. 10. Non auspicatos contudit impetus.] He calls the efforts of the Romans against the Parthians, *non auspicatos*, unauspicious, contrary to the *auspicia*, because Crassus had enter'd upon this war with singular contempt of those divine tokens. First of all, when he left Rome, the tribune Ateius having opposed his departure, and not being able to stop him, convey'd a chaffing-dish to the city-gate, thro' which he was to pass; and as Crassus went out he cast some perfumes upon

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the fire, and then threw it about, with horrible curses and imprecations. This Crassus minded not, but went on his way. In like manner he slighted all the unlucky presages that beset him. And, lastly, when the soothsayers let him know, that the tokens in the sacrifices were unfortunate, he took no notice of what they said.

Lin. 11. *Et adjecisse praedam torquibus.*] He says, that the Parthians enlarged the chains about their necks with the gold and silver which they had taken from the Romans. Here it must be remember'd, that the Parthians wore chains about their necks, like the old Gauls and Germans.

Lin. 12. *Renidet.*] γελάει, he laughs. So Catullus, Ode XXXVI.

Egnatius quod candidos habet dentes,

Renidet usquequaque.

Egnatius is always laughing, because he has white teeth.

Lin. 14. *Delevit urbem Dacus et Æthiops.*] This is not to be understood of two several times, as though the Dacians and Æthiopians had like to have taken Rome one after another: Horace speaks here of the forces of Antony and Cleopatra, who had a design on the city, as he says, Book I. Ode XXXVII.

— *Dum capitolio*

Regina dementes ruinas,

Funus et imperio parabat.

While the mad Queen threaten'd final destruction to the Capitol and empire. It must be noted that the Æthiopians and Dacians composed a great part of Antony's troops.

Æthiops.] The troops of Cleopatra, Ethiopians and Egyptians; for Egypt was comprehended under the general name of Ethiopia.

Lin. 15. *Hic classe formidatus.*] For the Egyptians were

most of Antony's forces for sea-service.

Lin. 16. *Ille missilibus melior sagittis.*] This is the Dacian. The northern people were generally good archers; and Strabo says their arms were sword, buckler, bow and quiver.

Lin. 17. *Fœcunda culpæ secula.*] The corruption of manners in Horace's time cannot be better express'd than in this epigram of Catullus:

*Consule Pompeio primum duos, Cinna, solebant
Mœchi. Illi, ah! facto consule nunc iterum
Manserunt duo, sed creverunt millia in unum
Singulum, fœcundum semen adulterio.*

Cinna, in the first consulate of Pompey, you could see but two adulterers at Rome. In his second likewise, you could find but these two. But since that, each of these has produced a thousand. O prolifick adultery! By the two adulterers Catullus means Cæsar and Mamurra. A little after this ode was written, Augustus published the Julian law, to prevent adulteries.

Lin. 19. *Hoc fonte derivata clades.*] It is very remarkable, that Horace here ascribes all the calamities which had happen'd to Rome, and all the civil wars, to adulteries only. In this he follows the doctrine of Pythagoras, who taught, that nothing was of more mischievous consequence than confounding families, and grafting aliens upon them by adultery.

Lin. 21. *Motus.*] As the Greeks use *κινῆσθαι*, to move ones self, for *ὀρχῆσθαι*, to dance, so the Latins use *moveri* and *motus* for the same. Thus Horace in another place;

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.
And again, ————— *ut qui*
Nunc satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.

And Virgil, *dant motus incompósitos.*] Cicero has the same phrase in his third paradox: *histrion si paulo se movit extra numerum.*

Ionicos.] Ionian dances were the most lascivious of any. For the world did not afford a more voluptuous people than the Ionians.

Lin. 22. Matura virgo.] That is a maid who is marriageable; for among the old Romans it was counted a reproach for a maid of that age to dance; this exercise being permitted to none but young children.

Fingitur artibus.] *Fingere* signifies the same as *formare*, *componere*, to fashion, to fit. It is a term borrow'd from the dancing-schools. Horace says, that at that age the maid was still practising to make her joints supple, that she might succeed the better in her lascivious movements. Lambin has read in some manuscripts, *fingitur artibus*. If that be the true reading, Horace would say that the maids learn'd all the tricks, and practis'd all the inveigling arts, which common strumpets made use of in their trade.

Lin. 24. De tenero meditatatur ungui.] This is a Greek proverb, ἐξ ἀπαλῶν τῶν ὀνύχων, *de tenero ungui*, *de teneris unguiculis*, from ones tender age. Tully in an epistle to Lentulus, says: *sed praeſta te eum qui mihi a teneris, ut Graeci dicunt, unguiculis es cognitus*. Let me find you the same man as I have always known you to be ever since you was a little child. Observe here how Horace uses the preposition *de* instead of *a*.

Lin. 25. Juniores quaerit adulteros.] *Juniores* may signify here simply, the youngest, or such as were younger than their husbands, or new ones; as Book I. Ode XXXIII.

Lin. 26. Inter mariti vina.] A passage of Ovid may explain this, in his first book *de arte*.

Ergo ubi contigerit positi tibi munera Bacchi,

Atque erit in socii foemina parte tori, &c.

When you are at the table with your mistress, and she sits upon the same couch with you, &c.

Lin. 28. Gaudia.] This word must not be chang'd. Ovid has it in the same sense, *de arte amandi Lib. III.*

Gaudia nec cupidis vestra negate viris.

And Tibullus:

Cui Venus hesternâ gaudia nocte tulit.

Lin. 29. *Coram.*] Before all the company. This word is opposed here to *luminibus remotis*. Suetonius uses it in speaking of Augustus, in the LXIXth chapter of his life.

Non sine conscio.] This is opposed to *raptim*. Horace is not satisfied to describe the debaucheries of women only; but to strike more horror, he adds, that their husbands consented; which is the highest degree of lewdness.

Lin. 30. *Seu vocat institor.*] *Institor* is properly a factor to a merchant, an agent. OVID. *de arte*, Lib. I.

Institor ad dominam veniet discinctus emacem;

Expediet merces teque sedente suas.

The merchant's factor will come to your mistress who wants to buy somewhat, and will open all his ware in your sight.

Lin. 31. *Seu navis Hispanae magister.*] *Magister navis* sometimes signifies the chief man in the ship, or the pilot: but here Horace puts it for the owner of the vessel, the trading merchant. Now there was great trade between Italy and Spain: the Spaniards furnish'd Rome with wine, and carried back goods from thence in exchange.

Lin. 32. *Dedecorum pretiosus emptor.*] The word *pretiosus* here is a very ingenious, pertinent epithet: for it signifies one who buys dear; who spares for nothing; much the same as *damnosus*. Horace handsomely describes the avarice of the women in his time, who preferr'd merchants and ship-masters for their gallants, only because they paid better than others.

Lin. 33. *Non his juvenus orta parentibus.*] Here he illustrates what he hinted at the 17th verse, that frequent adulteries had spoil'd good families, so that one might see a great difference between the Romans of his time, and their brave ancestors, who vanquish'd Pyrrhus, the Carthaginians, and Antiochus by sea and land.

Lin. 35. *Pyrrhamqua.*] Pyrrhus was King of Epirus, and descended from Achilles. He routed the Consul Laevinus near Heraclea; but soon after he was overthrown by Fabricius and Curius; and retiring into Greece, he was slain with a

blow of a tile, as he was besieging Antigonus in Argos, in the year of Rome CCCCLXXX.

Lin. 36. *Ingentem Antiochum.*] Antiochus was King of Syria. Æmilius Regillus beat him by sea, and L. Scipio by land: at last he was slain by his own people, in the year of Rome DLXVII.

Lin. 37. *Sed rusticorum mascula militum.*] The Roman troops were composed of rusticks, countrymen, such as they raised for the most part in the territory of the Marsians, in Apulia, and among the Samnites. Varro has a fine remark upon this, in the beginning of his book of husbandry. *Viri magni nostri majores non sine causâ praeponébant rusticos Romanos urbanis; ut ruri enim qui in villa vivunt ignaviores quàm qui in agro versantur in aliquo opere faciundo: sic qui in oppido federent, quàm qui rura colerent, desidiores putabant.* It is not without reason that those great men, our ancestors, preferr'd the Romans in the country before those in the city; for as in the country itself, those whose business lies within doors are lazier than those who stir abroad and work in the field; so they reckon'd that those who led a sedentary life in the city, were not so fit for service as those that follow'd husbandry. The same author has something fuller yet, in the beginning of his III^d Book. *Itaque non sine causâ majores nostri ex urbe in agris redigebant cives suos, quod et in pace à rusticis Romanis alebantur, et in bello ab his tutabantur.* Our forefathers were in the right, to send citizens abroad and settle them in country places; because the Romans in the country furnish'd the city with provisions in time of peace, and defended it in war.

Lin. 38. *Sabellis docta ligonibus.*] Which is as much as to say, that the soldiers were Samnites. For *Sabellus* is a diminutive of *Samnis*, as *Scabellum* of *Scamnum*.

Lin. 40. *Severae matris ad arbitrium.*] This is a good description of a painful mother who makes her children work, and will not be pleas'd if they don't bring home good loads of fuel at night. He has the same thought again, Book V. Ode II. The Samnite women were so industrious, that they ma-

naged the farms for their husbands, and left them nothing to do. See Columella's preface to his XIth book, where he opposes the pains-taking women of the first times, to the fine, lazy, voluptuous dames of his own age.

Lin. 41. Sol ubi montium mutaret umbras.] This *mutare* of Horace, is the same with Virgil's *duplicare*. It may be explain'd of the changing of place. For when the sun sets, the shadow is not in the same place where it was three hours before.

Lin. 42. Et juga demeret bobus.] The Greeks have happily express'd this by one word βάλυσις or βλυτός, which Tully uses in his XXVIIth Epistle to Atticus, Book XV. *Adventabat autem βάλυσις coenantiibus nobis.* He came in the evening as we were at supper, about the time of unyoking the oxen. See the IId Ode of the Vth Book.

Lin. 43. Amicum tempus.] He calls the evening a friend to labourers, because it puts an end to their day's work.

Lin. 45. Damnoſa.] *Damnosus*, as I have already observed, is properly one that never spares; and therefore it is very fitly applied to time, which is likewise call'd *tempus aedax*.

Lin. 46. Ætas parentum.] Here I admire the Poet's art, who has said so much of four generations in three short verses. If it be true that he has imitated the verses of Aratus, as Lambin and Muretus tell us, the copy may be said to excel the original.

Οἴην χρῦστοι πατέρες γενεὴν εἰλίποντο

Χειροτέραν, ὑμεῖς δὲ καχώτερα τιξείσθε.

As your fathers left children not so good as themselves, so you will leave those that are worse than you are. Muretus says farther, that both these Poets have borrow'd the thought from Homer, who writes that few children are like their father; that he observed a great many to be worse, but rarely found one better. But it well deserves to be noted, that Horace grounded his remark upon true history, of the times for the three first generations, and that he prophesied truly of the fourth, as is easy to prove, by comparing the reign of Tiberius with that of Augustus.

H O R A C E'S
A R T O F P O E T R Y.

Scribendi rectè, sapere est et principium
et fons.

H O R A C E

A R T O P O E T I C A

Scilicet regis, sapientie et principum
et sone

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PREFACE to the ART of POETRY.

I Have seldom known a trick succeed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more seasonable than now to lay down such rules, as if they be observ'd, will make men write more correctly, and judge more discreetly: But Horace must be read seriously or not at all, for else the reader won't be the better for him, and I shall have lost my labour. I have kept as close as I could, both to the meaning, and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often ask'd myself that question. I know this is a field,

Per quem magnus equos Auruncae flexit alumnus.

But with all the respect due to the name of Ben. Johnson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be deny'd, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in this book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly, and where the Latin was obscure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the criticks, but if I durst, I would beg them to remember, that Horace ow'd his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are still valued by what Horace says of them, and that in their golden age, there was a good understanding among the ingenious, and those who were the most esteem'd were the best natur'd.

ROSCOMMON.

I Have seldom known a critic succeed, and will put
 none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I
 think it could never be more respectable than now to
 lay down such rules, as if they be observ'd, will make
 men write more correctly, and judge more directly;

D E

A R T E P O E T I C A

L I B E R,

A D P I S O N E S.

HU M A N O capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
 Undique collatis membris: ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
 Persimilem, cujus, velut aegri somnia, vanae
 Fingentur species: ut nec pes nec caput uni
 Reddatur formae. Pictoribus atque Poëtis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.
 Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

H O R A C E

O F T H E

* A R T of P O E T R Y.

IF in a picture (Piso) you should see
 A handsom woman with a fishes tail,
 Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
 Or limbs of beasts of the most diff'rent kinds,
 Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds,
 Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
 Trust me, that book is as ridiculous,
 Whose incoherent stile (like sick men's dreams)
 Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
 Painters and Poets have been still allow'd
 Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
 This privilege we freely give and take;
 But nature, and the common laws of sense,
 Forbid to reconcile antipathies,
 Or make a snake engender with a dove,
 And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.

* We are favour'd with some
 emendations of this poem,
 which are inserted in the text
 between [] from a copy cor-
 rected by the Earl of Roscom-

mon's own hand, and now in
 the possession of Dr. Rawlin-
 son. TONSON'S EDITION.
 1750.

*Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
 Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter
 Affuitur pannus: quum lucus, et ara Dianae,
 Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluviis describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
 Scis simulare. Quid hoc? si fractis enatat expes
 Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur? amphora coepit
 Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?
 Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.*

*Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
 Decipimur specie recti. brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi
 Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:
 Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellae:
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpa fugae, si caret arte.*

*Æmilium circa ludum faber imus et ungues
 Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos:
 Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

Some that at first have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themselves, when a few florid lines
Shine through th' insipid dulness of the rest ;
Here they describe a temple, or a wood,
Or streams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine,
But they misplace them all, and croud them in,
And are as much to seek in other things,
As he that only can design a tree,
Would be to draw a shipwreck or a storm.
When you begin with so much pomp and show,
Why is the end so little and so low?
Be what you will, so you be still the same.

Most Poets fall into the grossest faults,
Deluded by a seeming excellence:
By striving to be short, they grow obscure, [strength,
And when they would write smoothly, they want
Their spirits sink ; while others that affect
A lofty stile, swell to a tympany ;
Some tim'rous wretches start at ev'ry blast,
And fearing tempests, dare not leave the shore ;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood ;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of skill,
Is a most certain way of erring still.

The meanest workman in th' Æmilian square,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finish what he hath begun ;
What * [can be] more ridiculous than he ?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the rest are scandalously ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

* is there

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam
Viribus, et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri, cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.*

*Ordinis haec virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat.
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.*

*In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis :
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget : dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Graeco fonte cadant, parce detorta. quid autem
Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanos ademtum
Virgilia Varioque? ego, cur acquirere pauca
Si possum, inuideor? quum lingua Catonis et Enni
Sermone patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum praesente nota procudere nomen.
Ut sylvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit aetas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.*

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 85

Let Poets match their subject to their strength,
And often try what weight they can support,
And what their shoulders are too weak to bear,
After a serious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.

As well the force as ornament of verse,
Consist in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a muse * [may] be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.
Words must be chosen, and be plac'd with skill:
You gain your point, † [when by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unusual word
Is made at first familiar to our ear.]

But if you write of things abstruse or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be seldom and discreetly done:

But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Must so derive them from the Grecian spring,
As they may seem to flow without constraint.

Can an impartial reader discommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Caecilius? why should I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,

When Ennius and Cato's copious stile
Have so enrich'd, and so adorn'd our tongue?

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.

Words are like leaves, some wither ev'ry year,
And ev'ry year a younger race succeeds.

* should

† ————— if your industrious art
Can make unusual words easy and plain;

*Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arce,
Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,
Doctus iter melius. mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur quae jam cecidere; cadantque,
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.*

*Res gestae regumque ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.*

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.
Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*

*Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.*

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poëta salutor?*

Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;
The Lucrine mole (Caesar's stupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (since Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd,
See how the Tiber (whose licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighb'ring fields,)
Now runs a smooth and inoffensive course,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then should words challenge eternity,
When greatest men and greatest actions die?
Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

Homer first taught the world in Epick verse
To write of great commanders, and of Kings.

Elegies were at first design'd for grief,
Though now we use them to express our joy:
But to whose muse we owe that sort of verse,
Is undecided by the men of skill.

Rage with Iambicks arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the dramatick muse;
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whose commanding sound
Awes the tumultuous noises of the pit,
And whose peculiar province is the stage.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympick crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the Lyric song.

Why is he honour'd with a Poet's name,
Who neither knows nor would observe a rule;

Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere, malo?
 Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco
 Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestae.
 Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen et vocem comoedia tollit,
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.
 Telephus et Peleus, quum pauper et exul uterque,
 Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
 Non satis est pulcra esse poemata: dulcia sunt,
 Et quocumque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adsent
 Humani vultus. si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia laedent,
 Telephe, vel Peleu: male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. tristitia moestum
 Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum moerore gravi deducit, et angit:
 Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
 Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros:
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:

And chooses to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let ev'ry thing have its due place and time.

A comick subject loves an humble verse,
Thyestes scorns a low and comick stile.

Yet comedy sometimes may raise her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:

Tragedians too, lay by their state to grieve;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their swelling and gigantick words.

He that would have spectators share his grief,
Must write not only well, but movingly,
And raise men's passions to what height he will.

We weep and laugh, as we see others do:

He only makes me sad who shews the way,
And first is sad himself; then, Telephus,

I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miseries my own.

But if you act them ill, I sleep or laugh:

Your looks must alter, as your subject does

From kind to fierce, from wanton to severe:

For Nature forms, and softens us within,

And writes our fortunes changes in our face.

Pleasure enchants, impetuous rage transports,

And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd soul,

And these are all interpreted by speech;

But he whose words and fortunes disagree,

Absurd, unpity'd, grows a publick jest.

Observe the characters of those that speak,

Whether an honest servant, or a cheat,

Or one whose blood boils in his youthful veins,

Or a grave matron, or a busy nurse,

Mercatorne vagus, cultorve virentis agelli:

Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge

Scriptor. honoratum si forte reponis Achillem: 120

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox, invictaque: flebilis Ino,

Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes

Personam formare novam, servetur ad imum,

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.

Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130

Publica materies privati juris erit, si

Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus

Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,

Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:

Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatus?

Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte: 140

(Dic mihi, musa, virum, captae post tempora Trojae,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.)

Extorting merchants, careful husbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Afians or Greeks.

Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Describe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, rash, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea must be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io must wander, and Orestes mourn.

If your bold muse dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the stage,
Be sure you keep them up to their first height.
New subjects are not easily explain'd,
And you had better choose a well known theme;
Than trust to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be so well disguis'd, and so improv'd,
That with some justice it may pass for yours;
But then you must not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully translate,
Nor (as some servile imitators do)
Prescribe at first such strict uneasy rules,
As* [you] must ever slavishly observe,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.

Begin not as th' old Poetaster did,
(' Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I sing')
In what will all this ostentation end?
The lab'ring mountain scarce brings forth a mouse:
How far is this from the Meonian stile?
' Muse, speak the man, who since the siege of Troy,
' So many towns, such change of manners saw.'

* they

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat: ut spectosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdin.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemina bellum Trojantium orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat: et in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quae
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.

Tu, quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.
Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat:
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores:
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in boras. 160
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi:
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper:
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus aeris:
Sublimis, cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix.

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke,
 The other out of smoke brings glorious light,
 And (without raising expectation high)
 Surprises us with daring miracles,
 The bloody Lestrygons * [Charybdis' gulph,
 And frighted Greeks who near th' Ætna shore,
 Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.]
 He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
 When he begins to write the Trojan war;
 Nor writing the return of Diomed,
 Go back as far as Meleager's death:
 Nothing is idle, each judicious line
 Insensibly acquaints us with the plot;
 He chooses only what he can improve,
 And truth and fiction are so aptly mix'd
 That all seems uniform, and of a piece.

Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects;
 If you intend that he should stay to hear
 The epilogue, and see the curtain fall;
 Mind how our tempers alter † [in] our years,
 And by ‡ [that rule] form all your characters.
 One that hath newly learn'd to speak and go,
 Loves childish plays; is soon provok'd and pleas'd,
 And changes ev'ry hour his wav'ring mind.
 A youth that first cast off his tutor's yoke,
 Loves horses, hounds, and sport, and exercise,
 Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
 Proud, careless, fond, inconstant, and profuse.

* ————— inhumane feasts,
 With all the monsters of the land and sea;
 How Scylla bark'd, and Polyphemus roar'd:

† with

‡ those rules

Conversis studiis aetas animusque virilis
Quaerit opes et amicitias, inservit honori:
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod
Quaerit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti: 170
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,
Difficilis, querulus: laudator temporis acti
Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt, ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis aevoque morabimur aptis.

Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaue tolles
Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praesens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus:
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quae posci vult, et spectata reponi. 190
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

Actoris partes chorus officiumque virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,

SEVERAL OCCASIONS. 95

Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
 And make us slaves to interest and pow'r.
 Old men are only walking hospitals,
 Where all defects, and all diseases, croud
 With restless pain, and more tormenting fear,
 Lazy, morose, full of delays and hopes,
 Oppress'd with riches which they dare not use;
 Ill-natur'd censors of the present age,
 And fond of all the follies of the past.
 Thus all the treasure of our flowing years,
 Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
 Boys must not have th' ambitious care of men,
 Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
 But what we hear moves less than what we see;
 Spectators only have their eyes to trust,
 But auditors must trust their ears and you;
 Yet there are things improper for a scene,
 Which men of judgment only will relate.
 Medea must not draw her murd'ring knife,
 And spill her childrens blood upon the stage,
 Nor Atreus there his horrid feast prepare.
 Cadmus and Progne's metamorphosis,
 (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
 And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
 I hate to see, and never can believe.

Five acts are the just measure of a play.
 Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a business worthy of a God;
 And in one scene no more than three should speak.

A chorus should supply what action wants,
 And hath a generous and manly part;

Quod non propositis conducat et haereat apte.
Ille bonis saveatque, et concilietur amicis:
Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis, ille salubrem
Iustitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis;
Ille tegat commissa: Deosque precetur et oret, 200
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubaeque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque, foramine pauco
Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque
Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu,
Quo sane populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coibat.
Postquam coepit agros extendere victor, et urbem
Latio amplecti murus: vinoque diurno
Placari genius festis impune diebus, 210
Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.
Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum
Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?
Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti
Tibicen: traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.
Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps:
Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum, 220
Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jectum tentavit: eo quod
Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus
Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.
Verum ita risores, ita commendare dicaces
Conveniet satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:

Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honesty,
And strict observance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, security and peace,
And begs the Gods * [who guide] blind fortune's wheel,
To raise the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing must be sung between the acts,
But what some way conduces to the plot.

First the shrill sound of a small rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant stage,
And pleas'd the thin and bashful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal ancestors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by prosperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and ease,
The verse, the musick, and the scene's improv'd;
For how should ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of sense applaud the jests of fools?
Then came rich clothes and graceful action in,
Then instruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us useful and sententious truths,
As those deliver'd by the Delphick God.

The first tragedians found that serious stile
Too grave for their uncultivated age,
And so brought wild and naked satyrs in,
Whose motion, words, and shape were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave,)
Because the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confusion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd such variety and antick tricks.

* to turn

*Ne, quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros,
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper et ostro,
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas :
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes et inania captet. 230
 Effutire leves indigna tragoedia versus :
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
 Intererit satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.
 Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum,
 Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor amabo :
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, et audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum :
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar : ut sibi quivis 240
 Speret idem : sudet multum, frustra que laboret
 Ausus idem. tantum series juncturaque pollet,
 Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
 Sylvis deducti caveant, me iudice, fauni,
 Ne, velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses,
 Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
 Aut immunda crepent ignominiosa que dicta.
 Offenduntur enim quibus est aequus et pater et res :
 Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona. 250
 Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur iambus,
 Pes citus : unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit
 Nomen iambeis : quum senos redderet ictus,
 Primus ad extremum similis sibi. non ita pridem,
 Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
 Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
 Commodus et patiens : non ut de sede secunda
 Cederet aut quarta socialiter. hic et in Acci
 Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.*

But then they did not wrong themselves so much
 To make a God, a hero, or a King,
 (Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
 Descend to a mechanick dialect,
 Nor (to avoid such meannesses) soaring high
 With empty sound, and airy notions fly;
 For, tragedy should blush as much to stoop
 To the low mimick follies of a farce,
 As a grave matron would, to dance with girls:
 You must not think that a satyrick style
 Allows of scandalous and brutish words,
 Or the confounding of your characters.
 Begin with truth, then give invention scope,
 And if your stile be natural and smooth,
 All men will try, and hope to write as well;
 And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
 So much good method and connexion may
 Improve the common and the plainest things.
 A satyr that comes staring from the woods,
 Must not at first speak like an orator:
 But, tho' his language should not be refin'd,
 It must not be obscene, and impudent;
 The better sort abhors scurrility,
 And often censures what the rabble likes.

In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus, 260
Aut operae celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratae premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex:
Et data Romanis venia est indigna Poëtis.

Idcircone pager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus et intra
Spem veniae cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
Non laudem merui. vos exemplaria Graeca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.

At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et 270
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati: si modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camoenæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis:
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sacribus ora.

Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ
Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.

Successit vetus his comoedia, non sine multa 280

Laude: sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi. lex est accepta: chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poëtæ:
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Graeca
Ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta:
Vel qui praetextas, vel qui docuere togatas,
Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis, 289

Unpolish'd verses pass with many men,
 And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
 But then, to write at a loose rambling rate,
 In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
 Is such a rash, ill-grounded confidence,
 As men may pardon, but will never praise.

* [Be perfect in] the Greek originals,
 Read them by day, and think of them by night.
 But Plautus was admir'd in former time
 With too much patience (not to call it worse)
 His harsh, unequal verse, was musick then,
 And rudeness had the privilege of wit.

When Thespis first expos'd the tragick muse,
 Rude were the actors, and a cart the scene,
 Where ghastly faces stain'd with lees of wine
 Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;
 This Æschylus (with indignation) saw,
 And built a stage, found out a decent dress,
 Brought vizards in; (a civiler disguise)
 And taught men how to speak, and how to act.
 Next comedy appear'd with great applause,
 'Till her licentious and abusive tongue
 Waken'd the magistrates coercive pow'r,
 And forc'd it to suppress her insolence.

Our writers have attempted ev'ry way,
 And they deserve our praise, whose daring muse
 Disdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
 And found fit subjects for her verse at home.
 Nor should we be less famous for our wit,
 Than for the force of our victorious arms;

* Consider well

*Quam lingua, Latium: si non offenderet unum-
quemque Poëtarum limae labor et mora. Vos, o
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite quod non
Multa dies et multa litura cœrcuit, atque
Praefectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*

*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas*

*Democritus: bona pars non unguis ponere curat,
Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.*

Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtae,

Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam 306

Tonsori Licino commiserit. o ego laevus,

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!

Non alius faceret meliora poemata. verum

Nil tanti est. ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum

Reddere quae ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi:

Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:

Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque Poëtam:

Quid deceat, quid non: quo virtus, quo ferat error.

Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.

Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae: 310

Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui didicit, patriae quid debeat, et quid amicis:

Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus et hospes:

But that the time and care, that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and polish well,
Fright Poets from that necessary toil.

Democritus was so in love with wit,
And some mens natural impulse to write,
That he despis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none Poets 'till their brains were crackt;
And this hath so intoxicated some,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanliness, and company, renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Pass current for Apollo's livery.

O my unhappy stars! if in the spring
Some physick had not cur'd me of the spleen,
None would have writ with more success than I;

* [But I must rest contented as I am,]

And only serve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly resign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a Poet is;

Wherein his wealth and ornaments consist,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.

Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when philosophy directs your choice
To proper subjects rightly understood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,
And what we owe † [our] country, parents, friends,

* But I am satisfy'd to keep my sense, † to

Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium: quae
Partes in bellum missi ducis: ille profecto
Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte, 320
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.
Gravis ingenium, Gravis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, praeter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri longis rationibus assent
Discunt in partes centum diducere. dicat
Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse triens. eu!
Rem poteris servare tuam. reddit uncia: quid fit?
Semis. At haec animos aerugo et cura peculi 330
Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

How judges, and how senators should act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Those are the likest copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.

Sometimes in rough and undigested plays
We meet with such a lucky character,
As being humour'd right, and well pursu'd,
Succeeds much better, than the shallow verse
And chiming trifles of more studious pens.

Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.

Our Roman youth is * [diligently taught,
The deep mysterious art of growing rich,
And the first words that children learn to speak,
Are of the value of the names of coin;
Can a penurious wretch that with his milk
Hath suck'd the basest dregs of usury,
Pretend to generous and heroick thoughts?
Can rust and avarice write lasting lines?]
But you, brave youth, wise Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not pass'd all judges and all tests.

* ————— bred another way,
And taught no arts but those of usury;
And the glad father glories in his child,
When he can subdivide a fraction:
Can souls, who by their parents from their birth
Have been devoted thus to rust and gain,
Be capable of high and generous thoughts?
Can verses writ by such an author live?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëtae:
Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitae.
Quicquid praecipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.
Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.
Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:
Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340
Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis,
Celsi praetereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.
Hic meret aera liber Sosis: hic et mare transit,
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat aevum.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus.
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens,
Poscentique gravem persaepe remittit acutum:
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus. 350
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret: et citharoedus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,
Quem bis terque bonum, cum risu miror: et idem

A Poet should instruct, or please, or both;
 Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
 That ready wits may comprehend them soon,
 And faithful memories retain them long;
 * [All] superfluities are soon forgot.
 Never be so conceited of your parts,
 To think you may persuade us what you please,
 Or venture to bring in a child alive,
 That Cannibals have murder'd and devour'd.
 Old age explodes all but morality;
 Austerity offends aspiring youths;
 But he that joins instructions with delight,
 Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes:
 These are the volumes that enrich the shops,
 These pass with admiration through the world,
 And bring their author to eternal fame.

Be not too rigidly censorious,
 A string may jar in the best master's hand,
 And the most skilful archer miss his aim;
 But in a poem elegantly writ,
 I † [would] not quarrel with a slight mistake,
 Such as our nature's frailty may excuse;
 But he that hath been often told his fault,
 And still persists, is as impertinent,
 As a musician that will always play,
 And yet is always out at the same note;
 When such a positive abandon'd fop
 (Among his numerous absurdities)
 Stumbles upon some tolerable line,
 I fret to see them in such company,
 And wonder by what magick they came there.

* For

† will

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360

Ut pictura, poësis erit, quae, si propius stes,

Te capiet magis: et quaedam, si longius abstes.

Haec amat obscurum, volet haec sub luce videri,

Judicis argutum quae non formidat acumen:

Haec placuit semel; haec decies repetita placebit.

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna

Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum

Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus

Recte concedi. consultus juris, et actor

Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disert 370

Messalae, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:

Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse Poëtis

Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnae.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,

Et crassum unguentum et Sardo cum melle papaver

Offendunt, poterat duci quia coena sine istis:

Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,

Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:

Indoctusque pilae discioe trochive quiescit, 380

Ne spissae risum tollant impune coronae:

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. quidni?

Liber et ingenuus, praesertim census equestrem

Summum nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

But in long works sleep will sometimes surprise,
Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod.

Poems, like pictures, are of diff'rent sorts,
Some better at a distance, others near,
Some love the dark, some choose the clearest light,
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye,
Some please for once, some will for ever please.

But Piso (tho' your * [knowledge of the world,]
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wise)
Remember this as an important truth:

Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Messala's pow'rful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
Yet this indiff'rent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of Gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poesy.
As an ill consort, and a coarse perfume,
Disgrace the delicacy of a feast,
And might with more discretion have been spar'd;
So poesy, whose end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but must be still
Sublimely good, or despicably ill.

In other things men have some reason left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Despairing of success, forbears to try;
But all (without consideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into Poets when they please.
But Piso, you are of too quick a sight
Not to discern which way your talent lies,

* own experience,

*Tu nihil invita dices faciesque Minerva:
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras: nonumque prematur in annum
Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non edideris: nescit vox missa reverti.* 390

*Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque Deorum
Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rapidosque leones:
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quò vellet. fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis,
Oppida moliri: leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque 400
Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit. dictæ per carmina sortes:
Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori
Sit tibi musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.*

Or vainly * [with your genius to contend;]
 Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
 Let your productions pass the strictest hands,
 Mine and your father's, and not see the light,
 'Till time and care have ripen'd ev'ry line.
 What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
 But words once spoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inspir'd by more than human pow'r,
 Did not, as Poets feign, tame savage beasts,
 But men as lawless, and as wild as they,
 And first dissuaded them from rage and blood;
 Thus when Amphion built the Theban wall,
 They feign'd the stones obey'd his magick lute;
 Poets, the first instructors of mankind,
 Brought all things to their proper, native use;
 Some they appropriated to the Gods,
 And some to publick, some to private ends:
 Promiscuous love by marriage was restrain'd,
 Cities were built, and useful laws were made;
 † [So great was the divinity of verse,
 And such observance to a Poet paid.]
 Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial muse
 Waken'd the world, and sounded loud alarms.
 To verse we owe the sacred oracles,
 And our best precepts of morality;
 Some have by verse obtain'd the love of Kings,
 (Who, with the muses, ease their weary'd minds)
 Then blush not, noble Piso, to protect
 What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

* ——— struggle with your genius.

† So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
 And so divine a Poet's function.

*Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
 Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium. alterius sic 410
 Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, et alsit:
 Abstinit Venere et vino. qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
 Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira poemata pango.
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est,
 Et, quod non didici, sane nescire sateri.*

*Ut preco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
 Assentores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta 420
 Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.
 Si vero est, unctum qui recte ponere possit,
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris
 Litibus implicitum: mirabor si sciet inter-
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum,
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Laetitiae. clamabit enim, pulchre, bene, recte,
 Pallefcet super his: etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede terram. 430
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
 Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur:
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent
 An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes,*

Some think that Poets may be form'd by art,
 Others maintain, that nature makes them so;
 I neither see what art without a vein,
 Nor wit without the help of art can do,
 But mutually they * [crave] each other's aid.
 He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
 Must use himself to hunger, heat, and cold,
 Take leave of wine, and the soft joys of love;
 And no musician dares pretend to skill,
 Without a great expence of time and pains;
 But ev'ry little busy scribler now
 Swells with the praises which he gives himself;
 And taking sanctuary in the crowd,
 Brags of his impudence, and scorns to mend.

A wealthy Poet takes more pains to hire
 A flatt'ring audience, than poor tradesmen do
 To persuade customers to buy their goods.
 'Tis hard to find a man of great estate,
 That can distinguish flatterers from friends.
 Never delude your self, nor read your book
 Before a brib'd and fawning auditor;
 For he'll commend and feign an extasy,
 Grow pale or weep, do any thing to please?
 True friends appear less mov'd than counterfeit;
 As men that truly grieve at funerals,
 Are not so loud as those that cry for hire.
 Wise were the Kings, who never chose a friend,
 'Till with full cups they had unmask'd his soul,
 And seen the bottom of his deepest thoughts;
 You cannot arm your self with too much care
 Against the smiles of a designing knave.

* need.

*Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,
Hoc, aiebat, et hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat, 440
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum quam vertere malle,
Nullam ultra verbum aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duros: incomitis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo sinum: ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta: parum claris lucem dare coget:
Arguet ambigue dictum: mutanda notabit:
Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, cur ego amicum 450
Offendam in nugis? hae nugae seria ducent
In mala, derisum semel, exceptumque sinistre.*

*Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,
Vesenum tetigisse timent fugiuntque Poëtam,
Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.*

440 Quintilius, (if his advice were ask'd)
 Would freely tell you what you should correct,
 Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
 And with more care supply the vacancy;
 But if he found you fond, and obstinate,
 (And apter to defend than mend your faults)
 With silence leave you to admire yourself,
 And without rival hug your darling book.
 The prudent care of an impartial friend
 Will give you notice of each idle line,
 Shew what sounds harsh, and what wants ornament,
 Or where it is too lavishly bestow'd;
 Make you explain all that he finds obscure,
 And with a strict enquiry mark your faults;
 Nor for these trifles fear to lose your love;
 Those things which now seem frivolous and slight,
 * [Will be of a most serious consequence,]
 When they have made you once ridiculous.

50 † A [Poetafter, in his raging fit,
 (Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
 Is dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense;
 They make a lane for the polluted thing,
 And fly as from the infection of the plague,
 Or from a man, whom, for a just revenge,
 Fanatick phrensy sent by Heav'n pursues.]

* Will be of serious consequence to you.

† A mad dog's foam, th' infection of the plague,
 And all the judgments of the angry Gods,
 We are not all more heedfully to shun,
 Than Poetasters in their raging fits;
 Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys,
 But dreaded and proscrib'd by men of sense.

*Hic, dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve: licet, succurrite, longum
 Clamet, io, cives; non sit qui tollere curet. 460
 Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,
 Quis scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit? atque
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique Poëtae
 Narrabo interitum: Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Insiluit. sit jus, liceatque perire Poetis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec, si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo, et ponet famosae mortis amorem.
 Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet; utrum 470
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus. certe furit, ac velut ursus,
 Objectos caveae valuit si frangere clathros,
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.*

If (in the raving of a frantick muse)
And minding more his verses than his way,
Any of these should drop into a well,
Tho' he might burst his lungs to call for help,
No creature would assist or pity him,
But seem to think he fell on purpose in.
Hear how an old Sicilian Poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a God,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.
Give Poets leave to make themselves away,
Why should it be a greater sin to kill,
Than to keep men alive against their will?
Nor was this chance, but a delib'rate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolick once again,
And his pretensions to divinity:
'Tis hard to say whether for sacrilege,
Or incest, or some more unheard-of crime,
The rhiming fiend is sent into these men;
But they are all most visibly possess'd,
And like a baited bear, when he breaks loose,
Without distinction seize on all they meet;
None ever scap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burst with blood,
Without remorse insatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

R E M A R K S

O N

HORACE'S ART of POETRY.

IN Asia, Greece, Macedonia and Egypt, there were, time out of mind, select assemblies of persons to examine the writings of the Poets and Orators. Augustus erected such a society at Rome, and encourag'd them by rewards and honours. He assign'd them the Temple and Library of Apollo to meet at. And to this the assemblies of learned men, which we call Academies, owe their origin. Theodorus Marculus, who however does not tell us his authority, says the number of this Roman Academy was twenty, of which five or seven can only be term'd Judges. He goes so far as to give us the names of 'em, and whether he is right or not, he cou'd not have nam'd better men than his society was compos'd of. As Virgil, Varius, Tarma, Mecaenas, Plotius, Valgius, Octavius, Fuscus, the two Viscus's, Rollio, the two Messala's, the two Bibulus's, Servius Fulvius, Tibullus, Piso the Father, and Horace. The only foundation I know for this assertion of his, is the end of the Xth satire of the first book. He is not satisfy'd to give us a list of this Academy; he will have it that it was on account of Horace's being a member of it, that he was put upon writing the Art of Poetry, and collecting all the rules, and all the judgments, that were made in the society. I wish with all my heart this was so, because what Mr. La Bruyere, says of such assemblies would not then be true, that they never produc'd any work which was entire and perfect in its kind. But whether Horace wrote this piece as a publick

matter, or private, his design was to give the Romans an art of poetry, that should take in all that Aristotle, Crito, Zeno, Democritus and Neoptolemus of Paros had written on the subject. Nay some will have it, that 'tis almost nothing else but a complication of the most excellent rules of the latter. For Porphyrius writes, *In quem librum conjecit praecepta Neoptolemi de Arte Poetica, non quidem omnia, sed eminentissima.* 'Horace has in this book set down Neoptolemus's rules for 'the Art of Poetry, not all indeed, but the most excellent of 'them.' As he did not write it regularly, nor observe any other order than chance threw in his way; so there is no method, and no connection of parts in this treatise, which seems not to be finish'd: he having not time to give the last hand to it: or what is more likely, not being willing to be at the trouble. Those who believe it would be more perfect if his verses were transpos'd are mistaken. All we can do, in my opinion, is to mark the void spaces, and to divide the heads without changing the form. This was Monsieur Le Fevre's judgment. The want of connection is not without its graces; especially in rules, which should be free, and have nothing in them either loose or languishing. The order Heinsius would put it in, seems only to shew the beauty of the disorder in which Horace left it.

Next to Aristotle's Art of Poetry, I know of no piece of criticism in antiquity, which is more excellent than this. All his decisions are so many truths drawn from the nature of the things he treats of. Julius Scaliger err'd very much against good sense and reason, in what he said of this work. 'Will 'you know, says he, what I think of Horace's Art of Poetry? 'tis an art taught without art.' *De Arte quaeres quod sentiam, quid? equidem quod de arte sine arte tradita.* Tho' 'tis only an epistle like the preceding ones, yet Horace gives it the title of The Art of Poetry, *De Arte Poetica*, to distinguish it from the others, in which he treated of this art only occasionally. The antiquity of this title is not to be doubted of, since Quintilian quotes it in the III^d chapter of his VIIIth book, *Id*

120 NOTES on the ART of POETRY.

enim tale est monstrum quale Horatius in prima parte libri de Arte Poetica fingit: Humano capiti, &c.

1 *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam.*] Horace all at once lays down the most general and necessary rule, on which all the rest are founded, which is the simplicity and unity of the subject, in the disposition, the ornaments, and the stile. He could not render the faults committed against this unity better than by comparing them to this extravagance in a picture.

3 *Ut turpiter atrum desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.*] As Virgil in his III^d book represents Scylla.

*Prima, hominis facies, et pulcro pectore virgo
Pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pistris
Delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.*

‘Upwards ’tis a beautiful figure, and a very beautiful virgin
‘for half its body; downwards ’tis a horrible whale, ending
‘in a dolphin’s tail, join’d to a wolf’s belly.’ *Ater piscis*, for a horrible fish, as Porphyry, *atrū piscem, belluam marinam, &c.*

5 *Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici.*] Taken from the custom of painters, and sculptors; to expose a statue or picture when finish’d, and to publish that it might be seen on such a day. At which time great numbers of spectators us’d to come to view it.

6 *Credite, Pisones.*] To prevent the Piso’s giving into the vulgar error, that the breach of unity is no fault, he says, *Credite*, believe, be convinc’d. He was afraid these young gentlemen should be led away by bad Poets, whose interest it was that this rule should not be establish’d. Tho’ this epistle is address’d to Piso and his children, as appears by the 24th verse, yet ’tis to his children more particularly; and thus the difference Porphyry speaks of is reconcil’d: *Scribit ad Pisones viros nobiles disertosque, patrem et filios, vel, ut alii volunt, ad Pisones fratres.* ‘Horace writes to the young Piso’s, and their father, or as others pretend, only to the children.’

Pisones.] There were three or four families of these Piso's in Rome at the same time, who were all Calpurnians, and said they descended from Calpus the son of Numa. One was that of Cneus Piso of Plancina, who kill'd himself, being accus'd of poisoning Germanicus, and left two children, Cneus and Marcus. But it cou'd not be these Piso's to whom Horace addresses, for these children were not born, or were very young, when this epistle was written. There was another branch of the Piso's called Cesonins, that descended from Lucius Piso, who had been Censor, and whose daughter Calpurnia, Julius Caesar marry'd; Piso who was Consul with Drusus Libo, in the year of Rome DCCXXXVIII, was his son, Horace being one and fifty years old in that consulate. Augustus gave the governments of Rome and Thrace to this Piso, who was a man of pleasure, a confidant to both Augustus and Tiberius, Great Pontiff at fourscore years of age, *Romae urbis* 785: and to this Piso and his children it is that Horace writes.

Isi tabulae fore librum persimilem.] He is not satisfy'd with saying, that a writing thus diversified, will be like this monster, he adds *persimilem*, it will be entirely like.

Librum.] All writings of what nature soever, tho' he treats particularly of epick and dramattick poetry.

7 *Velut aegri somnia.*] Like the dreams of a sick man, strange and incoherent.

Vanae species.] Ideas of things that do not subsist together in nature, and are only to be met with in the empty brains of sick men, madmen, or bad Poets.

8 *Ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur formae.*] An explanation of *vanae species*, the head and feet of which are of a different kind.

9 *Pictoribus atque Poetis quidlibet audendi.*] The answer of ill Poets, who will not subject themselves to the rules of their art. Poets and painters, say they, may do what they please, nothing is too daring for them. They abuse the privilege of poetry, and thus excuse their most monstrous fancies, and most extravagant dreams. That privilege is of great extent,

'tis true; Ovid talks of the *foecunda licentia vatum*; and Lucian asserts, that painters and Poets are not accountable for their fancies; but Horace is shewing us what bounds they ought to set to this licence.

11. *Scimus.*] Horace's answer to the bad Poets; after having said, I know the privilege of poetry, he would go on *sed non*, but he's interrupted by the same Poets, who proceed.

Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim.] My opinion of this verse is discover'd in the preceding remark. Some will have it, that Horace continues his answer without interruption, that as a Poet he says, *hanc veniam petimus*, I demand this permission: as a critick, he adds, *damusque vicissim*, I give it in my turn. This agrees with the old commentator, who writes, *petimus quidem ut Poetae, damus autem ut critici*. But how cou'd Horace demand permission to use this liberty, when he never look'd upon himself as a Poet? there must be a mistake in this passage. After he had said *scimus* he is interrupted, as is observ'd before, by the ill Poets. *Et hanc veniam petimus damusque vicissim*. 'We claim the privilege, as we give it to others.' He cannot mean himself, he being no Poet, as he declares afterwards, *nil scribens ipse*. Besides the dialogue is more agreeable, more lively; and more like Horace's manner.

12. *Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia.*] Horace's answer, 'We give you the privilege you demand, but on condition you do not abuse it.' I, a long time, thought the first thirteen verses of this epistle were a sort of dedication and preface, and that Horace, to excuse the disorder in which he left it, wrote to the Piso's; The book I address to you is like the picture I have been speaking of, in which I was mistaken. He would then certainly have written it *fore librum hunc similem*. Add to this, that not looking upon himself to be a Poet, nor on his Art of Poetry as a work of importance, 'tis not likely he should go about to excuse its want of regularity; it being neither necessary nor possible to observe it in such a treatise as this. The discovery of the dialogue between the bad

Poets and Horace confirms me in the opinion that I was mistaken, and my reason has convinc'd several good judges of the same mistake.

Ut placidis coeant immitia.] Painters and Poets are only imitators, and are to paint only what is or what may be; there being nothing else that can be imitated. But they have both often abus'd their art, and forsaken probable ideas for monstrous imaginations. Vitruvius complains of this fault in painters, in the Vth chapter of his VIIth book: from hence proceed Grotesques, which are not to be compar'd to a regular figure. This rule of Horace is one of the most important in the Art of Poetry; never to join incompatible subjects, nor offend against nature, verisimilitude and truth.

14. *Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis.*] He comes from the general rule to particulars, and gives an example of the vitious variety which he condemns. He chooses one that's the least shocking, but 'tis by so much the more dangerous vice, by how much it slides in under an appearance of virtue. He is speaking of descriptions, a snare which is almost inevitable to little genius's. Horace shews us how apt Poets are to fall into the ridiculous by this means: from grave and serious beginnings, which promise sublime and marvellous things, they descend into a shining description of a wood, an altar of Diana, a river, the Rhine, the rainbow; their descriptions are stitch'd together like patch-work. Their patches, indeed, are purple, but are childish and extravagant, because ill plac'd. Writers must never abandon themselves to such digressions, let them be of what nature soever, when their design calls them elsewhere.

16. *Quem lucus et ara Dianae.*] I believe, with Theodorus Marcilius, he speaks of the wood and altar of Aricia, pretended to have been built by Orestes, who there consecrated the statue of *Diana Taurica*, which, when he had kill'd King Thoas, he brought from Scythia. The Poets thought this a fine subject for descriptions. It took in Orestes, *Diana Taurica*, her sacrifices in Scythia, and at Aricia, with the odd custom

in her temple. There cou'd be but one priest and he a fugitive. He must with his own hand kill the Priest his predecessor, if he would get into his place. For which reason the Priest who held it, was always arm'd to defend himself. Ovid calls this temple of Aricia, a kingdom acquir'd by the sword, and with a criminal hand,

Partaque per gladios regna nocente manu.

18. *Aut flumen Rhenum.*] Horace had without doubt been often tir'd with the description of the Rhine, in the poems written on Augustus's victories on that side. The bad Poets never omit plunging into that river, as Alpinus, of whom he speaks in the Xth satire of the 1st book.

*Turgidus Alpinus jugulat dum Memnona, dumque
Diffingit Rheni luteum caput, &c.*

Aut pluvius describitur arcus.] The rainbow is as likely as any thing to turn a wretched Poet's brain. The wonderful mixture of its colours are with them so worthy of admiration, that they let no opportunity slip to describe it; few imitating in this the discretion of Homer and Virgil. Homer says not above one word of her, and Virgil but two lines,

*Ergo Iris croceis per coelum roscida pennis
Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores
Advolat.*

A description as rapid as Iris's flight.

19. *Et fortasse cupressum scis simulare.*] The young Poets and painters began the practice of their arts with descriptions and imitations of cypresses.

20. *Si fractis enatat ex spes navibus.*] What's the painting of cypresses to that of a wreck? what are descriptions in poetry, when illustrious actions are the subject of the song? Horace

alludes to those *ex voto* pictures, made by such as had escap'd shipwreck.

21. *Amphora coepit institui, currente rota cur urceus exit?*] An image taken from a potter, who commonly began his trade by making little pots called *urceos*, and ended with a great pitcher call'd *amphora*, which was his master-piece. To begin with an *amphora* and end with an *urceus*, is like a Poet who after a magnificent beginning, falls and is lost in descriptions. *Amphora* answers to *inceptis gravibus*, and *urceus* to *purpureus pannus*.

23. *Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat et unum.*] The rule that results from what he has said. Simplicity and unity are entirely opposite to the fault he has been speaking of. Descriptions, which have no immediate relation to the subject, corrupt and destroy them. Homer, Virgil, and Sophocles's descriptions are all necessary, and well introduc'd.

25. *Decipimur specie reſti.*] This is not a new rule, but the general reason of the fault he has been explaining: we are deceiv'd by appearance in the beauties of art, as well as those of nature; a Poet thinks to adorn his subject by descriptions, and he spoils it. *Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio*, &c. are examples to confirm this proposition.

Brevis esse, &c.] Brevity is certainly one of the great beauties of discourse; but so near a neighbour to obscurity, that it is very difficult in following the one, not to fall into the other. Perspicuity is the principal virtue, *Virtus prima perspicuitas*.

26. *Seſtantem laevia nervi deficiunt.*] As by endeavouring to make strong verses and expressions, an author renders them hard and rough, so by endeavouring to polish, he very often weakens them.

27. *Proſeſſus grandia turget.*] They fall into this error, that stretch what is grand too far; as Gorgias, in calling Xerxes the Jupiter of the Persians: and he who call'd Erutus the Sun of Asia; they become bombast, when they study to be great.

28. *Serpiſ humi tutus nimium timidusque procellae.*] Poetry

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is a sea, and those who sail on it, if they are wise, will never venture too far from the shore, nor come too near it. Horace's expression seems rather to be borrow'd from birds, who creep on the ground, when the winds and storms make 'em afraid of rising into the air.

29. *Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.*] This verse proves, that whatever he has already said is only the consequence of the same rule. For he returns to it again, by shewing, that those who to arrive at the marvellous, which he here terms prodigious, vary a subject, and tack to it pompous descriptions, from monsters. *Omnia monstra faciunt*, says Catullus. 'Tis as if they should place dolphins in the woods, and boars in the sea. The word *prodigialiter* is taken here in a good sense, as are often our words prodigious and prodigiously. For it must not be imagin'd that it refers to *appingit*.

31. *In vitium ducit culpa fuga.*] The fear of falling into one vice, is frequently the occasion of our falling into a greater than that which we endeavour'd to avoid. We would shun a tedious uniformity, and we are guilty of a monstrous mixture: the reason is, we make this mixture without art, which can only teach us to do it, and not offend uniformity. Our best examples are Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil.

32. *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus.*] Horace here means a certain statuary, who liv'd at the bottom of the Circus, near a place call'd the school of Æmilius; because a fencing-master, nam'd Æmilius Lentulus, kept his gladiators there. This statuary gave a great deal of grace and easiness to hair, and finish'd the nails admirably; but take his statues altogether they were wretched pieces, there being no connection of the parts, nor that agreement which, like the soul, adds life and action to the figure, and is the all in all in a statue. 'Tis the same with Poets, who know not how to make any thing but a description, to express a sentiment, or make a strong comparison, with all which they are at the best but miserable Poets.

34. *Ponere totum.*] *Ponere*, to put, for to do, to make,

as in the Greek *τιδέειναι*: he says elsewhere, *solers nunc hominem ponere nunc Deum*; and *totum* is what we call *all together*, a term properly us'd in painting and sculpture, when pictures or other pieces, consisting of many figures, are so dispos'd, that the different parts agree to form one single and the same whole, and represent one single object. 'Tis also made use of in pieces where there is but one figure, either in sculpture or painting, the different parts of which ought to have so natural a connection with each other, that they may form but one single and the same body. 'Tis not enough that the artist knows how to make an head, an arm, a foot, he must understand how to put the whole together, so that it may be one single figure, which has nothing maim'd in it, but is every where equally well design'd and finish'd.

36. *Quam pravo vivere naso.*] If a man has an ugly nose, he will be ugly, tho' all the other parts of his face are beautiful; and a Poet, if all the other parts of his poem be fine, will be an ill Poet, if he offends against simplicity and unity.

38. *Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequam viribus.*] Every Poet who makes choice of a subject that is not proportionable to his strength offends against the Art of Poetry; and 'tis impossible he should succeed. See the remarks on the 26th chapter of Aristotle's Art of Poetry.

39. *Et versate diu quid ferre recusent.*] A man must not presently conclude, that because he has by chance made a good madrigal, epigram, or song, he's therefore fit to write an heroic poem; he is to consider his strength. Tibullus would perhaps have written bad odes, and Horace bad elegies. The Hebrews had a proverb upon this, *pro camelo sarcina*, Suit your burden to your camel.

40. *Cui lecta potenter erit res.*] *Potenter*, for according to his strength.

42. *Ordinis haec virtus erit et Venus, aut ego fallor.*] Horace here explains in a few words, the virtue and grace of the order a Poet ought to observe in the disposition of his subject; and adds these orders, *aut ego fallor*, it being a new rule of

his, made by him, from the practice of the greatest authors of antiquity.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici pleraque differat.*] This *debentia dici* serves for two propositions, *dicat et differat*. The construction and sense of the passage is this; *Ut jam nunc dicat debentia dici jam nunc, et pleraque differat jam nunc debentia dici*: 'Let him say at first things that ought to be at first said, and reserve for another time the greatest part of those that should also have been said at first.' Horace discovers here one of the greatest secrets of poetry. In dramatick poetry, as well as epick, the great masters open the scene as near as they can to the catastrophe, always taking the action at the moment it draws to an end: they artfully bring in afterwards the events preceding, which they should not have told us at first, as in a history. Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, never did otherwise. By this keeping off the catastrophe, by probable and natural incidents, when we every minute expected it, our curiosity is the more inflam'd, and all the passions are mov'd in us one after another, which could not be done in a methodical order; to prove this we need only read Apollonius's Argonauts; Longinus owns there is not a single fault in that piece, and yet 'tis mortally tedious, and the chief reason is, 'tis methodical, and prosecuted without interruption from the beginning to the end; the greatest fault it could have, for there's nothing so dull as a Poet;

*Who when he sings a hero's glorious deeds,
Writes a dry history, and by dates proceeds.*

45. *Hoc amet, hoc spernat.*] Having spoken of the order, he comes now to the choice of the incidents, which is not easy to be made: what is good for the epick poem, is not for tragedy; neither is it sufficient to know which to take and which to refuse. The Poet must put those he takes in their proper place, where their effect may be most surprising, and most convenient for the poem, since the same thing plac'd in a different manner has a quite different effect.

[*Promissi carminis.*] A poem that has been a long while expected, and rais'd the curiosity of the publick: for every thing which the world have great expectations of should be more perfect than what they do not expect. Horace had, perhaps, Virgil's *Æneis* in view; 'twas several years after that poem was expected, that it appear'd, *Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.*

46. [*In verbis etiam tenuis.*] From the disposition of the subject, and the choice of the incidents, he comes to the question, whether the Poet is allow'd to invent new words: he maintains that he is, and lays down the rules for it, *tenuis*, subtle, agreeable, fine.

47. [*Notum si callida verbum reddiderit junctura novum.*] New words are of two sorts, simple or compound. We shall hereafter talk of simple. Compound are such as are made of two words, as *velivolum*, *saxifragum*. This composition Horace here terms *juncturam*: there are two other constructions of this verse quite different; some pretend Horace is not speaking of words, but of expressions, when by the help of epithets, adverbs, &c. we determine certain known phrases from an ordinary use to an extraordinary, as Horace has often practis'd with so much success, that Petronius says of him, *Horatii curiosa felicitas*, and Quintilian, *verbis felicissime audax*. This construction is more ingenious than true. Horace would never have call'd it *juncturam*, which denotes necessarily a binding, a connecting, as when out of two things one is made. Farther, 'tis neither possible nor natural to give rules for such boldnesses as these, which depend on every man's goût, on his genius, and his knowledge of the force and extent of words. In short, this rule would be out of its place here, since Horace says in the preceding verse, *in verbis ferendis*, which cannot admit of such an explanation: the other construction is, *si callida junctura reddiderit verbum novum, notum*: if you so make use of a new word, that the place where you put it may make it be known, and render the true signification to be at first sight easily comprehended.

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Which construction seems to me to be neither so good nor so true as the other, nor indeed to be maintain'd. The question is not concerning the placing of words, but of making, *de verbis ferendis*; and what Horace adds afterwards of new simple words is an undoubted proof that he speaks here of compound.

48. *Si forte necesse est indicatiis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum.*] This relates to simple words, which Aristotle terms *πεποιημένα*, and Cicero, *fiatā*, words never heard of before. Horace declares 'tis allowable for a Poet to make 'em, when he is oblig'd to express things that are unknown, as the compass, artillery, powder; he may then invent words, but must take care that they express either the nature of the thing, or the effect it produces. For this reason Homer is commended; he being the first who said *Σίξ' ὀφθαλμός*, and *λαλόντες*; the first expresses admirably the hissing of red hot iron thrown into water, and the last the barking of wolves and dogs. The French word *lapper* to lick, is of this kind.

49. *Indiciis.*] Words ought to be the sign and image of the things they express; wherefore Plato calls them *σημῶνα συμβόλα*.

50. *Cinctus non exaudita Cethegis.*] The Cethegi are here represented as a masculine sort of people, who in their cloaths kept to the old fashions of their fathers, and despis'd the *tunica*, as too cumbersome; wearing only a kind of an apron, which serv'd them instead of drawers, from the waste downwards; upon which they put their *toga*. The pane of it, which they drew over their left shoulder, hung down their backs, and left their right arm bare: this dress was call'd *cinctus Gabinus*, and was usually worn by Consuls and Pretors, whence we have the *cinctu Gabino*, in the VIIth book of the *Aeneis*, in Silius Italicus, and in Lucan. *Cinctus* is an epithet, which not only gives an idea of antiquity, but raises also veneration.

51. *Dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.*] This liberty must be us'd with moderation. Horace confines it to very narrow

limits; for he would have the invented words to be derivatives from the Greek.

52. *Haebunt verba fidem.*] They shall have authority, and be receiv'd.

53. *Si Graeco fonte cadant.*] If their original be Greek; as if we should call a man who leads an elephant *elephantista*; the Latins made also new simple words of Latin derivation, as of *beatus*, Cicero made *beatitas*; Messala, of *reus*, *reatus*; Augustus, of *munus munerarius*; and Horace, of *inimicus*, *inimicare*, &c.

Parce detorta.] These new simple words ought not only to be deriv'd from the Greek, but their derivation must be easy and natural, the analogy just and entire; they must not be bold and far-fetch'd: this is what is meant by *parce detorta*.

54. *Quid autem Cecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus.*] Why should not Varius and Virgil have the same liberty Cecilius and Plautus had, who are both full of new words: when did this privilege cease, says Quintilian, *Quid natis postea concessum est, quando desuit licere?*

59. *Signatum praesente nota procudere nomen.*] He speaks of words, as of coin, which is not current without the publick stamp: *praesens nota*, the coin the publick authorizes, which only has a currency: so Quintilian, *ut nummo cui publica forma est*. He calls *form*, what Horace terms *stamp*. The invented word should be clear, intelligible, and resemble those already in use in its termination. Horace, in the 11d epistle of the 11d book explains it farther thus, *Adscisset nova quae genitor produxerit usus*.

60. *Ut sylvae foliis.*] The grammarian Diomedes quotes this verse thus,

Ut folia in sylvis.

This reading is most simple, the other most figurative; the comparison is taken from the VIth book of the Iliad, where Homer says *ὡς περ φύλλον*, &c. 'The generation of man is like that of leaves, when the leaves are blown off by the winds, the trees of the forest bud and bring forth others

' which appear in the spring. 'Tis thus with man, when one generation passes away another comes.'

63. *Debemur morti nos nostraque.*] Since every thing wears away, why should we think words will always have the same force and grace? All the noble expressions Horace has collected in these six lines, serve to render this fall the more pleasant, *nedum verborum stet honos*: for nothing contributes so much to the ridiculous as the grand.

64. *Sive receptus terra Neptunus classe; aquilonibus arcet.*] Augustus cut that space of land which divided the lake Lucrinus and the lake Avernus from the sea, and made a port call'd *Portum Julium*, Julius Caesar having begun to cut it. Virgil mentions it in the IId Georgick.

65. *Regis opus.*] To denote Augustus, not the work of the King; that would have been invidious in the infancy of the monarchy, but a royal work, the work of a King.

Sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis.] He speaks of the Pontin marsh. Tho' Horace here commends Augustus for draining it, he, in all likelihood, drain'd only a part of it, or else the marsh was apt to overflow again; for the Consul Cethegus drain'd it in the year of Rome 593, and it was also drain'd again under Theodorick.

67. *Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis.*] Banks rais'd by Augustus to hinder the overflowing of the Tiber.

68. *Mortalia facta peribunt.*] Since the most solid works of mankind perish, 'tis no wonder words do. The same turn is us'd by Severus Sulpitius, in his letter to Cicero, Book IV. of Cicero's Epistles, Epist. V.

71. *Si volet usus, quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi.*] Use is the tyrant of languages. Socrates confess'to Alcibiades, in the first dialogue of that name, that the people is an excellent master of languages. We have in our days a good use and a bad use, the good form'd by the polite part of the court, city, and the best authors; the bad by the people. The difference between us and the ancients, as well Romans as Athenians, arises from this, the people were there con-

founded, great and small together; from whence there was no sensible variation in their language: among us the people have no commerce with the court, and accordingly their language is quite different.

74. *Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.*] He is speaking of the Epick Poem, and says, Homer has shewn in what sort of verse it ought to be written, the Heroick, which only agrees with the majesty of the Epick. Aristotle says the same thing in his Art of Poetry; and adds, 'that whoever should undertake to write an epick poem in any other kind of numbers, he would not succeed, for the heroick verse is the most grave and pompous.' Most people imagine, that by heroick verse is meant the Hexameter, which is a mistake: all heroick verses are indeed hexameter, but all hexameters are not heroick verses. Six feet plac'd how you will, make an hexameter, but for an heroick verse you must keep the laws prescrib'd by Homer. The first of which is to observe the Cefure call'd *tome penthemimeris*, that is, after the second foot there must be a syllable which finishes the word, and is sense, as

Dardani---ique ro---gum.

The second is to observe the Cefure call'd *tome Heptamimeris*; that is, after the third foot, the syllable which follows ought to close the word and sense. As,

Dardani---ique ro---gum capi---tis.

If neither of these rules are observ'd the Penthemimere Cefure must end with a Trochaeus. That is, after the two first feet the word should end with one long and one short.

Infan---dum re---gina.

Or the Heptamimere Cefure must end also with a Trochaeus: one long and one short after the third foot,

Quae Pax---longa re---miserat---arma.

which is very rare. Without the observation of these rules, the verse will be Hexameter not heroic; and the critics reject it, like that of Virgil,

Magnanimi Jovis Ingratum ascendere cubile.

which is forgiven him, being the only one among so many thousands wherein these rules are not observ'd.

75. *Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum.*] Elegy was at first only lamentations for the death of a person, according to Ovid on Tibullus's death,

*Flebilis indignos elegeia solve capillos,
Ab nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.*

It was in time apply'd to the joys and griefs of lovers: as Boileau describes it.

La plaintive elegie, &c.

Mr. Dacier prefers the French description of the elegy, as to its origin and improvement, to Ovid's.

76. *Voti sententia compos.*] Joy for having obtain'd what they desir'd.

77. *Exiguos elegos.* The Pentameter verse is the Elegiack. Horace calls it *exiguum* because it wants a foot of the Hexameter. For this reason he says, two verses higher, *Versibus impariter junctis*. The moderns want the beauty of this inequality in their elegiacks. Ovid expresses it thus,

*Venit odoratos elegeia nexa capillos,
Et puto pes illi longior alter erat.*

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Emiserit autor, grammatici certant.] Horace tells us it is not known who invented the elegy, nor why it was so nam'd. Terentius Maurus says the same, and that some people will have it to be Callinous, others, Theocles, Archilochus, or Terpander.

79. *Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo.*] He attributes the invention of iambicks to Archilochus. True, no body wrote them so well as he, till his time, but there were Iambick verses long before him; however, for his bringing them to such perfection, they were call'd the Iambicks of Archilochus.

80. *Hunc socci cedere pedem grandæque cothurni.*] Soccus, the sock of comedy. Cothurnus the buskin of tragedy. Tragedy and Comedy using Iambicks as fittest for conversation.

81. *Alternis aptum sermonibus.*] Horace assigns three qualities to Iambick verse; that 'tis proper for conversation, that it composes best the tumults of the theatre, and is good to carry on the action: as for the first, one can hardly speak in the Greek and Latin tongues without making Iambicks; as both Aristotle and Cicero have observ'd. See the IVth Chap. of Aristotle's Art of Poetry; and Cicero tells us, *magnum enim partem ex iambis nostra constat oratio.*

82. *Et populares vincentem strepitus.*] Silences the noise of the people; for the Iambick verse not being much different from their ordinary way of speaking, their attention was the more easily engag'd: it is not so with the modern languages.

Et natum rebus agendis.] Horace took this from Aristotle's Art of Poetry, where 'tis said Iambick and Tetrameter verses are proper to give motion. The one is suited to dances, the other to action. Quintilian tells us why the Iambick verse is proper for action, The movement of it is quicker, &c. *frequentiorem quasi pulsus habet, ab omnibus partibus insurgit, et a brevibus in longas nititur et crescit.*

83. *Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque Deorum.*] He is about to enter upon the subjects of Lyrick poetry; and it be-

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ing not known who invented it, he ascribes the invention to the Muses. Orpheus learnt it of the Muse Calliope, his mother, as in the XIIth Ode of the 1st Book.

Arte materna rapidos morantem

Fluminum lapsus.

Divos, puerosque Deorum.] There were four sorts of Lyrick poems, hymns, panegyricks, lamentations, and Bacchanalian songs: hymns and Dithyrambicks were for Gods; panegyricks for heroes and victors at Grecian games; lamentations for lovers; the general name is the ode. See the XIIth Ode of the 1st Book, and the 11d Ode of the IVth Book.

Et juvenum curas et libera vina referre.] The fourth kind of Lyricks, the songs of the Bacchanals, on love, mirth, and wine.

86. *Descriptas servare vices operumque colores.]* There is some difficulty in this verse, because it is not presently perceiv'd whether it relates to that which goes before, or that which comes after it. Horace having spoken of the different subjects and characters of Epick, Elegiack, and Iambick poems, adds, that a Poet who does not know how to distinguish them, does not deserve the name of one. He who would in the elegy assume the Epick tone, or would mix the softness of the elegy with the roughness of the Iambick, would make but a sorry poem of it. Mr. Dacier's complaint of the French Poets touches all the moderns, which is, that in most of 'em, their pastorals are elegies; their elegies, Epicks; and their Lyricks, epigrams.

Vices.] He calls *descriptas vices, vices adtributas, assignatas*, the different subjects, the different characters, of these different poems.

Operumque colores.] The different colours, the different stile of each, their different ornaments; compar'd to the colours of painters, which are different according to the different subjects, and the different impression they would make.

88. *Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo.*] The folly of most men, who had rather hide their ignorance, than by confessing endeavour to cure it.

89. *Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.*] A verse may be call'd tragick or comick on two accounts; the first for its measure and feet; for the tragick and comick verse may be both Iambicks, and both admit of Spondees; yet there is a great deal of difference between them: the tragic admits of the Spondee only in the first, third, and fifth foot, which renders its motion the more noble and pompous: the comick admits it in all those feet, because its motion is thereby the more natural and unaffected. The second reason why a verse may be call'd tragick or comick, is on account of the meanness of its expressions and figures. Thus it is certain that tragick verse ought not to be us'd in comedy, nor comick in tragedy. Horace speaking of feet and measure, in the 253d verse; I believe he intends here expressions and figures only: nothing is more vicious than lofty expressions and noble figures in comedy, for which the common phrase is most proper; whereas tragedy requires a sublime and bold stile.

91. *Narrari coena Thyestae.*] He puts Thyestes's supper for tragedies in general. Thyestes eat his own children, whom Atreus caus'd to be served up to him. This story being one of the most tragical, is also recommended by Aristotle as a subject for tragedy. He says, *narrari*, it ought to be told, and not represented. See the 184th verse.

92. *Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter.*] The tragick and comick stiles must not inroach upon one another; as Quintilian in the Xth book, *sua cuique proposita lex, suus decor est; nec comoedia in cothurnos assurgit, nec contra tragoedia socco ingreditur.*—— 'Comedy must not assume the buskin, nor tragedy the sock. Nature has made this law, and he who breaks it, errs against decorum.

93. *Interdum tamen et vocem comoedia tollit.*] However, comedy raises its voice sometimes, and tragedy sometimes makes use of the language of conversation: tragedy and co-

medy being only imitations of humane actions. The stile should be proportionable to the subject, and the actor; an angry father in comedy should assume a lofty tone, and speak with passion; and an afflicted man in tragedy wou'd be intolerable, if he spoke his affliction in a sublime and elegant stile. See the IVth satyr of the Ist book. *At pater ardens facit, &c.*

94. *Iratusque Chremes.*] Chremes assumes a tragick tone in the Vth scene of Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*. *Non si ex capite sis meo, &c.* Speaking to his son, 'No, Clitipho, 'tho' you issu'd out of my brain, as 'tis said Minerva did out of Jove's, I would not suffer you to dishonour me with your 'infamous debaucheries.' So Demear, in the fifth act of the *Adelphi*. *Heu mihi quid faciam? quid agam? quid clamem? &c.* 'Hah, what shall I do? what will become of me? how shall I exclaim? what complaints shall I make? Oh Heaven! O Earth! Oh the Seas of Neptune.' 'Tis allowable for comedy to elevate its stile, in all violent passions, as well as that of choler. In Terence's *Eunuch*, what Cherea says in the transport of his joys, would very well become a tragedy. This is not to be done but with great art.

95. *Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*] Tragedy gives less occasion for inroaching on the comick stile, than comedy does on the tragick. Horace must be taken here as meaning only in the great distresses of tragedy, where grief ought to be express'd in a simple and common phrase. Not all grief however, wherefore Horace says, *plerumque* and not *semper*. Longinus determines it in general, that the sublime is not proper to move pity.

96. *Telephus et Peleus quum pauper et exul uterque.*] *Peleus* and *Telephus*, two Greek tragedies. These two Princes having been driven out of their dominions, came to beg assistance in Greece, and went up and down dress'd like beggars. The two pieces here referr'd to were Euripides's; that Poet, in Aristophanes's *Frogs*, talking of them as his own. See act III. scene I. For this reason *Æschylus* calls Euripides a

beggar-maker, and a patcher of rags. See also the II^d scene of the IVth act. You dress Kings in rags to move pity. Aristophanes again makes merry with Euripides's Telephus in his Acharnenses. Act IV. Scene II. where he introduces Diocopolis coming to borrow of Euripides Telephus's beggars equipage, the staff, the scrip, the horn-cup, &c. Ah friend, says Euripides, you will after this rate carry away my whole play; and again, upon his farther importunities, thou wilt ruin me, dost not thou see thou wilt take away all my tale from me. What adds to the pleasantry of this satire on the Telephus of Euripides, is, that the whole scene is in a manner made up of his own verses. Theodorus Marcilius is therefore mistaken, in saying the *exul* in Horace alludes to Peleus only, and not to Telephus; for Telephus himself says, How am I driven from my house in want of every thing necessary, &c. Ennius and Naevius brought Euripides's Telephus on the Roman stage. In Ennius this exil'd King says, *regnum reliqui septus mendici stola*, I left my kingdom in a beggar's habit. Aristophanes ridicules this play of Euripides, for the impossibility of a King's being reduced to beggary. Horace is satisfy'd with saying *pauper*. Æschylus also writ a Telephus; but one cannot believe he fell into the same error of which he accuses Euripides, and introduces the King in rags.

97. *Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba.*] *Ampullas* for swelling thoughts, *sesquipedalia verba*, for bombast words. *Sesquipedalia*, a foot and half, for their length. The Greeks often made compound words of a prodigious length, which were successful in the sublime, but ridiculous in the passion of grief. See the III^d epistle. *Ampullatur in arte.*

99. *Non satis est pulcra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.*] A play should not only be fine, but it should be touching. Horace here refers to the ignorance of such as fancy they have made a fine play, when they have been lavish of the flowers of rhetoric; all which are nothing if it does not move; for that's the principal end of dramatick poetry: 'tis with this view Plato calls tragedy, the most diverting and moving effect of

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poetry. In *dulcia*, sweet, moving, Horace imitates Aristotle in the XXth chapter of his Art of Poetry. Heinsius mistakes the *fine* for *commendable*. Horace would certainly never have call'd a play commendable, if it had not been moving. 'Tis thus in a picture; the business is not to make it glare with fine colours without conduct, but to render the action sensible. In order to which, no colour should be us'd but what will agree with it, and make the desir'd impression.

100. *Et quocumque volent.*] It should inspire all the passions it pleases; hate, fear, terror, pity.

102. *Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipse tibi.*] Cicero has explain'd this rule at large in his II^d book *De Oratore*. Poets and Orators can never move an auditory, if the speakers do not shew that they are themselves mov'd with the passions they wou'd inspire. There is a story of an old Greek player nam'd Polus, who in the *Electra* of Sophocles us'd to play the part of that Princess. It happen'd that a son of his, whom he dearly lov'd, dy'd; and after the first transports of his grief were over, he took his part again, and play'd *Electra*; in which, instead of the urn with the false ashes of *Electra*, he came in with the urn wherein were the true ashes of his son; which embracing, he pronounc'd these words, 'Oh 'doleful monument of him who was of all mankind most dear 'to me,' with so natural a grief, such true and lively tears, that it had a prodigious effect on the audience. This rule of Horace's is taken also from Aristotle's Art of Poetry; the philosopher adding to the precept the means to perform it. 'The Poet, *says he*, when he is composing, must as far as 'possible imitate the gestures and actions of those he introduces on the stage. He who is truly mov'd, will in the same 'manner move those that hear him, &c.'

103. *Tua me infortunia laedent.*] Then wou'd thy misfortunes wound me. *Laedere* for *commovere*, to wound for to touch. So *βλάπτω* in Homer.

104. *Male si mandata loqueris.*] Horace alludes to the speeches Telephus and Peleus made, to oblige the Greeks to

assist them. Telephus in Euripides begins his discourse to the Athenians thus; 'Athenians, who are the flower of Greece, do not take it ill, if in the miserable condition I now am, I presume to speak before so fair an assembly.'

105. *Tristia moestum vultum verba decent.*] The greatest Poets have not always put such words into the mouth of sorrow, as agree with it. Monsieur Corneille himself often fell into this error. When Chimene in the *Cid* demands justice for the murder of her father, and speaks of the spilling of his blood, she says,

*Spilt as it is, the blood still reeks with rage,
To find 'twas lost in any cause but yours.*

Is this to talk like a person in affliction? *Non projicit ampullas*: here are the swelling thoughts still. What can be more trivial than to make the blood that was spilt, think and find, and to explain it self by reeking? Electra in Sophocles mourns the death of her father after quite another rate.

106. *Iratum plena minarum.*] Horace feigns elsewhere, that when Prometheus form'd man, he borrow'd each quality from each animal, and when he put choler into his heart, took it from the lion. What can give a juster idea of the effects of this passion? there must be nothing mean or affected in it. Seneca's fury is often full of meditation.

107. *Ludentem lasciva.*] A florid, gay stile agrees with joy. Achilles in love may be agreeable and delicate. Those who apply these words to comedy are in the wrong. Tragedy admits of raptures of joy, which render her catastrophes sometimes the more moving.

Severum seria dictu.] A grave person must speak answerably to his character. Euripides is not so discreet as Sophocles: Seneca the tragick Poet never minds this rule. He is so fond of shining every where, that he becomes ridiculous.

108. *Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem fortunarum habitum.*] In these four admirable verses, Horace gives

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the reason of the precepts contain'd in the two preceding ones. His reason is drawn from our Mother Nature, who gave us a heart capable of feeling all the changes of fortune, and a tongue to express it. When our words do not answer the condition we are in, the heart strikes one string in the instrument of man instead of another, and makes a very disagreeable discord.

109. *Juvat aut impellit.*] Nature helps us to put ourselves into a rage. Horace adds *impellit*, to denote the impetuosity of that passion.

110. *Aut ad humum moerore gravi deducit*] Horace's expression agrees very well with the passion he speaks of. How natural is his image of the humiliation of an afflicted man? how ridiculous does it render all frothy expressions in that condition?

112. *Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta.*] The language must always agree with the condition of the person speaking; otherwise the Orator will be laugh'd at. See Antonius speaking for M. Aquilius, in the 2d Book of Cicero's Orations, *Non prius sum conatus misericordiam aliis commovere quam misericordiâ sum ipse captus, &c.*

114. *Intererit multum divusne loquatur an heros.*] A Poet must also suit the language of his actors to their age and characters. A God must express himself otherwise than a hero. An old man than a young man. This rule is not much observ'd by the moderns.

Divusne loquatur an heros.] Some have read it, *Davusne loquatur, an Eros*. Eros was the name of an honest footman in Menander's play, as Davus that of a knavish one. But Horace is not here discoursing of comedy: besides, the difference between footman and footman is not considerable enough to be taken notice of by him in a precept. Others have read it, *Divusne loquatur, an Irus*. The sense of this is too mean, and Irus is not a tragick person. Others, *Davusne loquatur, an heros*. The matter in dispute, as I have said already, relates only to tragedy, and to the difference there

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ought to be between the character of a God and that of a hero, as he says afterwards.

Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibetur heros.

The Gods were introduc'd by the ancients into their plays, as in Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

115. *Maturusne senex an adhuc florente juventutē fervidus.*] An experienc'd old man does not talk like a raw youth. Mr. Corneille and Mr. Racine, imitate in this the wonderful conduct of Sophocles.

116. *An matrona potens, an sedula nutrix.*] Here Horace had doubtless in view the Hypolitus of Euripides, where Phædra and her nurse speak very differently; and Mr. Racine in his Phædra has observ'd this precept, in varying the two characters.

117. *Mercatorne vagus, an cultor virentis agelli*] Some have thought Horace is discoursing of comedy also, on account of the meanness of the persons, whereas he is still discoursing of tragedy only, in which it was not uncommon for the ancients to introduce tradesmen, shepherds and labourers. You have a merchant in the Philoctetes of Sophocles; and in Euripides, Clytemnestra gives Electra in marriage to a labourer. He opens the scene with it. See the 78th verse, *et seq.* The best comment on this passage of Horace, is what Plutarch writes in his fragment of the comparison between Aristophanes and Menander. 'The difference in diction, says he, is infinite. Aristophanes does not know how to make every one say what becomes him. A King should talk with dignity, an Orator with force, a woman with simplicity, a private man after a common manner, a mechanick with rudeness. The diction of all Aristophanes's persons is at a venture, and you cannot tell whether 'tis a son or a father that speaks, a labourer or a God, an old woman or a hero.'

118. *Colchus an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus an Argis.*] The

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Poet must have the country of his actors before his eyes. For, as Aristotle says, a Macedonian does not talk like a Thessalian. The manners of different nations, are as different as their dress.

*The manners note, of countries and of times,
For various humours come from various climes.*

The people of Colchus were savage and cruel. Those of Assyria false and cunning. The Thebans rude and ignorant. The Argives polite and proud. Aristophanes's Persians and Scythians, never talk like Athenians.

119. *Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia fingere.*] Horace having spoken of the language, comes to the characters; one of the most essential parts of dramatick poetry, as well as of the Epick. The characters are only design'd by the manners, and the manners from the actions. Poets have but two sorts of characters to bring on the stage, either known or invented. In known characters they must alter nothing, but represent Achilles, Ulysses, Ajax, as Homer represented them. As to invented ones, they must make them conformable; in the former, they are to endeavour after likeness, in the latter after convenience. The former Aristotle terms τὸ ὁμοιον, the latter, τὰ ἀρμόττοντα.

120. *Scriptor honoratum si forte reponis Achillem.*] He is explaining the *famam sequere* of the foregoing verse, what it is to follow fame, which is to make the characters what fame makes them to be. As Achilles, cholerick, violent, furious, implacable, unjust. Ulysses, valiant, virtuous, cunning. Ajax, intrepid, rash. *Honoratum*, honour'd by the Greeks, an explanation of τετιμῆνον, an epithet Homer always bestows on Achilles. *Reponis, reponere*, to represent after another. Homer, *posuit Achillem*, whoever comes after him, *reponit*.

121. *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*] Aristotle says, that to succeed in such a character as Achilles's, a Poet should

rather imagine what choler ought to do with verisimilitude than what it has done.

122. *Jura negat sibi nata.*] Achilles pretends to be above the laws, for which reason he refuses to obey Agamemnon, whom he loads with affronts, and insolently threatens. By the same principle he sacrifices the common cause, the honour and lives of so many thousand men, and the glory of his country, to his private interest.

Nihil non arroget armis.] He depended on his sword for justice. He draws it half out in Homer against Agamemnon. Minerva hinders his drawing it further. He tells that King, if he dares take any thing out of his tent, he should soon see his blood at his spear's end. All the qualities Horace attributes to Achilles are in the 1st Book of the Iliad.

123. *Sit Medea ferox invictaque.*] The true character of Medea, who is represented as cruel and inflexible by Euripides. She kills her two children, and sends her rival a robe and a crown so prepar'd, that they consume her as soon as she puts them on. Creon falls on her corps. The fatal robe sticks to his flesh, and he expires in the same torments with his daughter.

Flebilis Ino.] Ino the daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia. She was first married to Athamas who had a son by a former wife, and she feign'd an oracle which order'd the son to be sacrific'd to Jupiter. But she was soon punish'd for her cheat. Athamas running mad kill'd Learchus, the eldest son he had by her, and had sacrific'd her other son, if she had not flung her self into the sea with that son in her arms. Euripides wrote a tragedy on this story. 'Tis easy from the grief of this Princess, on the loss of her children, to imagine she might well be call'd *flebilis*.

124. *Perfidus Ixion.*] Ixion was the first murderer in Greece: he marry'd the daughter of Deioneus, and kill'd his father-in-law at supper, instead of giving him the usual presents. This crime was so horrible, no body wou'd expiate the murderer, nor have any correspondence with him. At

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last Jupiter took pity on him, expiated him and receiv'd him into heaven, where the traitor falling in love with Juno, wou'd have ravish'd her. He only embrac'd a cloud, and Jupiter in a rage hurl'd him headlong to hell, where the Poets feign him to be stretch'd on a wheel always turning. Æschylus and Euripides wrote on this story. Plutarch mentioning the Ino and Ixion of Euripides, who being blam'd for writing upon it as a subject accurs'd by the Gods, Euripides replies, ' I have not left him till I have nail'd his feet and his hands to a wheel.' Aristotle places these two plays of his among the Patheticks. There's nothing extant of them.

Io vaga.] Io, daughter of Inachus, with whom Jupiter was in love, and chang'd her into a cow. Juno out of jealousy made her run mad, and sent a fly which so stung her, that she ran from country to country, cross'd several seas, and arriv'd at last in Egypt, where she recover'd her first shape, and was worship'd under the name of Isis. Æschylus makes her wander so in his Prometheus, that she came to the mountain where he was chain'd, at the farther end of Scythia, and there she learn'd of that wretch all the future fortune that was to befall her.

Tristis Orestes.] *Tristis* here signifies curs'd, mad, raging, as well as sad. Thus he elsewhere calls choleric, sad, *tristes ut Irae*. Ovid has also said *tristis Orestes*. Euripides's representation of Orestes in this state, is admirable; he appears in the tragedy which goes by his name, more like a hideous spectre than a man.

MEN. Your eyes are ghastly, horrible your look.

OR. My body's gone, I'm nothing but a name.

He alludes to the signification of the name Orestes, which, according to Socrates's opinion in Cratylus, denotes something wild, fierce, and brutal.

125. *Si quid inexpertum scenae committis.*] Having explain'd the *famam sequere*, he now does the same by the at-

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ter part of the verse, *aut convenientia finge*: shewing what is to be done with new characters. Their first quality is to be conformable and agreeable. A madman must act like a madman; a King like a King, and so on. A woman must not have Achilles's valour, nor Nestor's prudence. Their second quality is to be one and the same from the beginning of the play to the end, which Aristotle calls τὸ ὁμαλόν, equality. This is as necessary in known characters as in invented. Boileau explains it in his Art of Poetry.

*If then you form some hero in your mind,
Be sure your image with it self agree,
For what he first appears, he still must be.*

Agatho's flower was an admirable play, tho' it was all invention. See the IXth chapter of Aristotle's Art of Poetry, on known and invented subjects.

128. *Difficile est propriè communia dicere.*] Having shewn the two qualities that should be given to invented persons, he advises tragick Poets not to take too much liberty to invent, it being very difficult to succeed in new characters. By common subjects, invented ones are understood. Subjects that have no foundation in history, or the fable; he calls them common, because every body has a right to them, and is free to invent them. 'Tis very difficult to invent a new character that shall be just and natural; the moderns have succeeded much better in their known stories than in their invented ones. Let a character be form'd ever so justly, every one will pretend to a right to judge of it, and censure it, if it is not conformable to the idea they themselves have of it; whereas when a Poet follows a known one, there's a common rule which he must not deviate from, and which is the standard of their judgment as well as his composition. Horace cannot by *communia* mean common and ordinary characters, because he immediately advises the Poets to make use of known characters.

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129. *Tuque rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus.*] Aristotle in his IXth chapter, determines for invented fables, as well as receiv'd ones; Horace is here for known subjects, such as are taken from the Ilias and Odyssey, for both those poems are compris'd under the words *Iliacum carmen*. This difference arises from the different ends the Poet and Philosopher propos'd to themselves. Aristotle speaks only of what might please or displease, and invented subjects may please as well as known: Horace talks only of what is easy or difficult, and known subjects are easier than invented: besides, Aristotle wrote to the Greeks, who were so far possess'd of the spirit of tragedy, that nothing was impossible for them. Horace wrote to the Romans, who were much inferior to the Greeks, and whom he dissuaded from undertaking what was most difficult for them to succeed in. Horace, in advising Poets to borrow their subjects from Homer, is of the same opinion with Aristotle and Plato, who have both affirm'd that Homer is a tragick Poet; his Ilias and Odysseys have the same relation to tragedy, as his Margites has to comedy. Plato, in his tenth book, calls Homer the Father of Tragedy.

130. *Quam si proferres ignota inditaque prius.*] By *ignota inditaque* he means the same thing as by his *communis*, unknown subjects: he adds *indita* to *ignota*, subjects never treated of before. For a story may be unknown, without being new; 'tis what he says in the XXVth Ode of the IIIrd Book. *Dicam insigne*, &c. 'I will speak of new things which 'have not yet been spoken of.'

131. *Publica materies privati juris erit, si, &c.*] Lest the advice he has been giving Poets might cause them to fall into servile imitations, by handling known subjects, he teaches them how they are to govern themselves, to make such stories proper. *Publica materies*, the Ilias, the Thebaide, the Odyssey, and all the subjects of the ancient tragedies: he opposes *publica materies* to *communis*; Chrysippus boasted he had made Euripides's Medea his own, because he had not follow'd that Poet's disposition of his subject.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem.*] Horace advises Poets to take the subjects of their tragedies out of Homer's poems, and he here cautions them against the faults they might be guilty of. The first and most considerable, is to amuse themselves, *circa orbem vilem et patulum*, with a vile circuit open to all the world, that is, with bringing into a tragedy all the parts of Homer's poem, imitating his very connection and chain: as for instance, in opening the scene with the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, and closing all with Hector's funeral. Heinsius is mistaken, in thinking Horace means a vain circuit of words, that do not relate to the subject. The circuit he speaks of, is in the fable, and nothing can be more vicious: for what would be but of a just extent for an heroick poem, would be monstrous, confin'd to the narrow limits of a tragedy. 'Remember, above all things, says Aristotle, not to make a tragedy of an Epick plot; I call an Epick plot, a plot consisting of several fables; as if you should bring all the Ilias into one play.' There's another vicious circuit besides this. See the 147th verse.

133. *Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere.*] Not to translate Homer word for word, the business of an exact translator, not of a Poet. He should imitate the discretion of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all of 'em make bold with Homer's sentiments, but do not translate him literally: Horace condemns the superstitious exactness of such translators as keep close to the letter. Cicero says very well, in the treatise *De Optim. Gen. Orat.* Speaking of the two orations of Æschines and Demosthenes, which he translated, *nec converti ut interpretes*, &c. 'I have translated them not as an interpreter, but as an Orator, by preserving the sentences, and their different forms, as well as the figures, and explaining the rest in terms adapted to our customs, and according to our manners. I did not think it necessary for me to confine myself to render them word for word, but only to express the force and propriety of the terms, believing I ought not to give the reader those terms by tale but by weight.' If a transla-

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tor should not translate word for word, how much less should a Poet.

134. *Nec desilies imitator in arctum, unde pedem proferre.*] This in my opinion is one of the most difficult places in Horace: the Poet does not here speak of those who confine themselves to a certain measure of verse, in their imitation; nor of those who lose sight of their original. He has already given tragick Poets two ways of rendring subjects that have been handled, which he prefers to invented ones: the first is, not to bring the whole matter of an heroick poem into a tragedy; and the second, not to translate it word for word: he here gives them a third, not to keep too close to their author, in imitating one action only, so as to perplex themselves, or break the laws of tragedy, which laws are very different from those of heroick poetry; suppose, for example, I was to write a tragedy on Achilles's choler, and to follow the two first rules of Horace; that is, not to put all the Ilias in my play, nor use his expressions: I shall break the third rule, if I servilely represent the same circumstances of Achilles's choler, as Homer has represented it, for by that means I shall entangle my self in a great many difficulties; how shall I represent Achilles with his sword half-drawn, and Minerva holding him by the arm to hinder his killing Agamemnon; an incident which is marvellous in an Epick poem, and yet would be ridiculous in a tragedy. They who read *referre* here instead of *proferre*, did not understand the passage.

136. *Nec sic incipies.*] He blames the pompous beginnings of some tragedies, when Poets, to give the audience a great idea of their performances begin loftily, which is faulty several ways; the beginning should be simple and modest. This is a rule in Epick poetry, and much more in tragedy.

Ut scriptor Cyclicus olim.] See what is said of these Cyclick Poets, in the VIIth Ode of the first Book. 'Tis not known who was the Cyclick Poet, of whom Horace speaks; some learned men have thought it was Maevius, who wrote a poem on the Trojan war, in which he compris'd all the history

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of Priamus from his birth to his death: but the word *olim* shews he means some more ancient Poet. Stasimus, who wrote the little Ilias, is thought to be this Cyclick Poet, by those who follow the scholiast on the Knights of Aristophanes, who places this Poet among the Cyclicks: Photius will not have him to be one of 'em; Casaubon thinks he was of the number of those Poets who join'd in that work, mention'd by the ancients under the name of the Cyclick poem, which took in the history of the world from the beginning of it to the death of Ulysses, and was the work of several Poets, as Onomacritus, Lesches, Eumelus, and others, tho' 'tis often quoted as the production of one man, *Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile letum*, the beginning of Maevius's poem. What would Horace have said of Statius, another Cyclick Poet, who brings all the story of Achilles into his poem, as Maevius brought that of Priamus into his.

*Magnanimum Æacidem formidatamque tonanti
Progeniem, et vetitam patrio succedere coelo
Diva refer.*

A Poet must be hard put to it to maintain the idea of a hero, dreaded even by Jove, to the end of the poem. There's nothing more extravagant than these blustering beginnings, the sure signs of a weak Poet; the moderns are very apt to fall into this fault, and imitate the vices of the ancients.

138. *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor biatu?*] *Hiare* is to open the mouth very wide, as those are oblig'd to do who pronounce big words and sounding verses; Perseus who also laughs at this foolish blustering at the beginning of Epick and Dramatick poems, makes use of this very term in the Vth satire.

Fabula seu moesto ponatur hianda tragoedo.

The fifteen first verses of this satire are a comment on this of Horace's.

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139. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*] Horace, by ending his verse with a monosyllable *mus*, against the common rule, expresses admirably well, what the bombast promises of these boasting Poets produce. The end of this verse is an imitation of that in the first Book of the Georgicks.

— *saepè exiguus mus.*

Where, according to Quintilian's judgment, *clausula ipsa unius syllabae non usitata addidit gratiam*. The fable of the mountain that brought forth a mouse is in Æsop. Phaedrus applies it to those who promise much, and perform nothing. 'Tis very old, as appears by the jest of the Egyptians, who having a long time expected Agesilaus to come to their assistance, and when he came, seeing him so little, and so ugly, said among themselves, ' 'twas the labour of the mountain ' which brought forth a rat.' Atheneus quotes the words of it.

140. *Quanto rectius hic qui nil molitur inepte.*] To these blustering beginnings of the boasting Poets, he opposes the discretion and modesty of Homer, in that of his *Odyssæy*; for nothing can be more plain.

Qui nil molitur inepte.] Horace's saying that Homer did nothing improperly, ought to restrain some modern authors, who by endeavouring to find out gross faults in him, only discover their ignorance and ill taste.

141. *Dic mihi, Musa, virum.*] Horace includes the three first verses of Homer's *Odyssæy* in two, contenting himself with expressing the modesty and simplicity of Homer's beginning, without explaining all the parts of it; for otherwise one might find considerable faults in his translation. He has forgotten the epithet *πολύτροπον*, wise, which marks Ulysses's character: he neglects the circumstance that makes us most concern'd for his hero, ὅς μάλα πολλά πλάσθη, who wander'd a long time. He says, in a loose way, after the taking of Troy, whereas 'tis in Homer, after having ruin'd Troy; but, as I have said, his design was to shew Homer's modesty, and not to translate him.

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143. *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem.*] Those pompous beginnings that are not carried on, resemble fuel which easily takes fire, and after having blaz'd a while, goes out, and wastes away in smoak: it is a straw fire. Whereas modest beginnings encrease as they proceed, and are like solid fuel, which is hard to kindle, smokes a while, blazes up, and casts forth a fire that warms, illuminates, and burns a long time.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,] Horace here calls Homer's stories of Antiphates, Scylla, Charybdis, the Cyclops Polyphemus, &c. shining wonders. And Longinus makes a very fine comparison of the Ilias and Odyssey, with reference to these fables. 'As the ocean is always great, though sometimes he leaves his shores, and is confined in narrower limits; so Homer also having left the Ilias, is still great, even in the incredulous and fabulous stories of the Odyssey.' He alludes to the tempests, the Cyclops, &c. the same places Horace calls wonders. Longinus in the same chapter calls those stories the dreams of Jupiter, dreams worthy of the King of the Gods.

145. *Antiphaten.*] Antiphates, King of the Lestrigons, describ'd in the Xth Book of the Odyssey. They were man-eaters, and Homer says they carried away Ulysses's followers in strings, like so many strings of fish.

Scyllamque et Charybdim.] Two rocks in the Strait of Sicily, the one call'd Scylla, from the Punick word *scol*, which signifies destruction, the other Charybdis, from *Chorobdam*, signifying an abyss of perdition. Homer makes two horrible monsters of 'em. See the description in the XIIth Book of the Odyssey.

Cum Cyclope.] Polyphemus, King of the Cyclops, who dwelt in Sicily, near the promontory of Lilybaeum: 'tis one of the most agreeable tales in Homer. See the IXth Book of the Odyssey.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.*] Homer has not written on Diomedes's return: neither is it what

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Horace means in this passage; the sense of which is, that Homer, in his poem on the return of Ulysses, has not done like the Poet Antimachus in his return of Diomedes, whose adventure he begins with the death of his uncle Meleager, which is absurd: for by this he gives a beginning to the beginning of the action; before which, as Aristotle observes, nothing must be suppos'd necessary. This matter is treated of in the VIIth chapter of his Art of Poetry.

147. *Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*] The Trojan war is not the subject of the Ilias, 'tis only the occasion of it. Homer makes no beginning nor end to the siege of Troy; nay, there's hardly a middle that's proper to it; but he forgets none of the parts of his subject, which is Achilles's choler. He does not so much as relate the circumstances of the rape of Helen the cause of the war. Horace laugh'd here at the author of the little Ilias, who began his poem with the two eggs: in one of which Helen and Clytemnestra were inclos'd; in the other Castor and Pollux. The unity of the person can never excuse the breaking the unity of the action, which, as Aristotle teaches, must be always preserv'd: he condemns, in his Art of Poetry, the authors of the Heracliade and Theseiade, for not observing that unity, and sets Homer's conduct as an example. He has not in his Odyssey heap'd together all the events that happen'd to Ulysses; nor in the Ilias does he amuse himself with writing the history of Achilles: he introduces no adventure that has not relation to his subject in either of these poems. Statius, after Aristotle and Horace had given such good rules, falls into a greater fault than even the author of the little Ilias; instead of beginning his Thebaid with the incestuous birth of Eteocles and Polynices, he begins it with the rape of Europa, the occasion of the founding of Thebes.

148. *Semper ad eventum festinat.*] Still going forward to the end of his subject, he makes use of no episode but what leads to it. The end of the Ilias is Achilles's vengeance. Statius, instead of going forward to the end of his action,

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seems afraid of coming to it, and flies back by episodes independent of his subject.

149. *Et in medias res, non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*]

A passage of great importance, and very difficult: it has been interpreted, as if Horace would say, that Homer presently transports his readers to the middle of his subject, to hold them always in desire and hope to the end of it. This, 'tis true, is one of the greatest beauties of an Epick poem, and Homer has not neglected it, as Macrobius observes in the IId chapter of the XVth Book of his Saturnalia; but Horace having treated of this precept in the 42d and 43d verses, 'tis not likely he should repeat it here: besides, Horace does not talk here of what Homer does in the beginning, but what he does in the sequel, thro' the whole course of the poem, as appears plainly by what goes before, *semper ad eventum festinat*, 'he always hasten'd to the end of the action.' The true sense of this passage is, Homer carries his readers swiftly over all things that preceded the action; he calls them *medias res*, middle things, either because he places the recital of 'em in the course of the poem, after the beginning, or before the end; or because they are things which the Greeks call properly *μέσα*, middling, indifferent. Horace says, the Poet passes swiftly over those adventures, as if they were known: and such is Homer's constant practice; every thing that precedes the siege of Troy, and Achilles's vengeance, is related in the course of the poem, as publick events known to all the world: this a Tragick Poet ought to observe, as well as an Epick. Sophocles, in his Oedipus, passes swiftly over every thing that precedes the action of his tragedy.

150. *Et quae desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*]

This is a consequence of what he said just before, that Homer carries his reader swiftly over every thing that precedes his action; fearing one might from thence believe he gave the whole history. Horace shews the Poet's address, in not mentioning all the incidents of the story, but making a judicious choice of them; leaving those that were not susceptible of or-

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naments, suitable to the grandeur and majesty of his poem: he does not speak of Leda's eggs, nor the rape of Helen in the Ilias, nor of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, nor of Achilles's disguising himself like a girl; and thus a tragick Poet should reject all incidents that do not answer the grandeur of his subject.

151. *Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet.*] The soul of an Epick poem, is the fable, which includes a general truth, made particular by the application of names. Thus the truth contain'd in the Ilias is, that union and subordination preserve states, and that discord and disobedience destroy them: the fiction in which this truth is wrapt up is the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon, feign'd to be taken from as known a story as the Trojan war, to make it the more probable. In Epick Poetry the fiction goes always on with the truth; but 'tis not only moral truth that Homer teaches in his fictions, sometimes also 'tis physical and historical, which he enfold in fine fables, to render 'em the more marvellous, and consequently the more agreeable. None has succeeded so well as himself in these fables: Horace begins this precept with them, and continues it with the mixture of the fable and the truth, *Sic veris falsa remiscet*. Which is a perfect explanation of Homer's conduct, and all the mystery of an Epick poem, according to Aristotle's rules. The Poet first draws the plan of his fable, which is not less a fable than any of Æsop's; *mentitur*, he feigns. After he has laid down this plan, he must make his fable probable, and persuade that it has been done, to have it believ'd that 'tis possible. To this purpose he attributes it to certain known persons; he names the places that were the scene of it, all which he takes from a known story, borrowing some true actions and circumstances, which he accommodates to his design. *Sic veris falsa remiscet*; those Poets who have not, like Homer, drawn the plan of their poems, after they had sought out some hero in history, and chosen a true action done by that hero, have never succeeded: as Silius, Statius, Lucan, and among the Greeks the authors

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of the Heracliade and Thesiade: Aristotle prescribes this rule in the XVIIIth chapter of his Art of Poetry, and it is the foundation of an Epic poem.

152. *Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*] He every where mixes the fable with the truth, that the three parts of his subject may be connected and equal. The middle, which is the knot, must answer to the beginning; and the end, which is the unravelling of it, to the beginning and middle. If fiction is us'd in one part, and not in all, the parts will be so unequal and disjointed that they will not compose one whole: neither will the *marvellous*, which is produc'd more by fiction than truth, reign thro' the work as it ought to do. This is also to be observ'd in tragedy.

153. *Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.*] He returns to the manners. *Tu*, Thou, who writest Dramatick poems. All Poets, and not the Piso's.

154. *Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis.*] If you would have us stay the play out, *aulaea manere*, stay till the curtain is rais'd, or as we say now-a-days, till the curtain is dropt. See *aulaea premuntur*, in the first Epistle of the IId Book.

155. *Donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat.*] Cantor, the chorus, who us'd to say, *vos plaudite*. Quintilian, in the first Chapter of the VIth Book, *tunc est commovendum theatrum*, &c. 'You must above all things endeavour to move the audience, when you come near the *vos plaudite*, with which 'all ancient comedies and tragedies end.'

156. *Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.*] He has already said the manners ought to be like, *famam sequere*; agreeable, *convenientia finge*; and equal, *servetur ad imum qualis ab incepto processerit*. There wants still a fourth quality: they ought to be well express'd, well distinguish'd, *notandi sunt tibi mores*. So distinguish'd, that no body may be able to mistake them, that every one, when he sees the actions of the person you have form'd, may say, those are the actions of a furious, a passionate, an ambitious, an inconstant or covetous man; and this, with the other three, make the four quali-

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ties which Aristotle requires for the manners; Horace only inverts his order, by putting that quality last, which the Philosopher puts first: but this changing the order does not change the rule, and, in the main, is of no consequence. Aristotle treats of it in the XVIth Chapter of his Art of Poetry.

157. *Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.*] A fine verse, and very expressive. Word for word, 'give to moveable natures and years their proper beauty.' Moveable natures, that is, age, which always rolls on like a river, and as it rolls gives different inclinations, which are what he calls *decor*, the beauty proper to age: each age having its beauties as well as each season; to give the virile age the beauty of youth, is to deck Autumn with the beauties of the Spring.

Et annis.] Horace is not satisfy'd with saying, each age, he says, each year; because the inclinations of each age are not the same at the beginning and the end: there's an insensible change which a Poet ought to know and distinguish, as a painter ought to know and distinguish the changes of each season, and not make the end of the summer like its beginning.

158. *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer.*] Children learn to speak by imitation: Horace therefore says, *reddere voces*, to render words: he is running thro' the four ages of mankind, which Tragick, Comick, and Epick Poets ought alike to understand how to distinguish well. Infancy, the first, is not so necessary as the other three, an infant being seldom introduc'd as an actor; for which reason Aristotle mentions only youth, manhood, and old age. The qualities Horace ascribes here to infancy remain also in youth, where that Philosopher compris'd 'em.

160. *Iram colligit ac ponit temere, ac mutatur in boras.*] These changes proceed only from the softness of the brain, where objects are easily impress'd and effac'd. Wherefore, according as that softness is greater or less, those changes are also the slower or swifter: whence it is that he says here of an infant, *mutatur in boras*, and afterwards of a young man,

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amata relinquere pernix. Tho' the latter's more steady, yet he's still changeable.

Temere.] Without reason or reflexion.

161. *Imberbis juvenis custode remoto.*] See what Simo says in Terence's *Andria*, speaking of his son, *Quod plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli*, &c. Horace copies Aristotle in this picture of the manners, but he paints in little, what Aristotle painted in great, in the 2d Book of his *Rhetorick*, and contents himself with giving a stroke of some of the principal features.

162. *Et aprici gramine campi.*] Youth delights in the exercises of the field of Mars, explain'd in the 8th Ode of the first Book.

163. *Cereus in vitium flecti.*] It easily receives the impressions of vice.

Monitoribus asper.] It hates reproof.

164. *Utilium tardus provisor.*] Young people always prefer the *Honourable* to the *Profitable*.

Prodigus aeris.] They know not the value of money, and therefore squander it away.

165. *Sublimis.*] Presumptuous, vain.

Cupidusque et amata relinquere pernix.] Inconstant, wavering. Aristotle says their dreams are like the hunger and thirst of the sick.

166. *Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis.*] The manners of the virile age, is the middle between the manners of youth and old age.

167. *Quaerit opes et amicitias.*] A man in his virile age is for heaping up riches and getting friends.

Inservit honori.] A man in the virile age endeavours to reconcile honour with interest; this Horace means by *inservit*, a term that denotes mediocrity.

Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.] He corrects the vices of custom by reason, and wou'd do nothing he may repent of.

169. *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda.*] Old men,

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as Aristotle observes, are hard to please, irresolute, malicious, suspicious, covetous, peevish, timorous, &c.

170. *Quaerit et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti.*] Old men are always scraping wealth together, but dare not make use of it.

171. *Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat.*] Old age is attended with no greater inconveniency than timidity.

172. *Dilator.*] 'Tis irresolute.

Spe longus.] Old men do not easily hope. Aristotle says, they are difficult to hope. Lambin explains *spe longus*, who carries far his hopes, which he grounds on what Horace says elsewhere, *spatio brevi spem longam refecit et spem inchoare longam*. But there is a great deal of difference between *spes longa* and *spe longus*. Horace is speaking of what commonly happens to old men, who are longer conceiving hopes than young. The latter are *ἐνέλπιδες*. They conceive hope on nothing, *spe citi*, *spe prompti*. The former *δυσέλπιδες*, *spe longi*, *spe tardi*. Hard to conceive hope. They hope for nothing but what they see, or as Aristotle has it, 'they live more by memory than hope.'

Iners.] Lazy, slow. *Avidusque futuri*. Tender of life, the nearer they draw to its end. *Difficilis*, humourfom, peevish. *Querulus*, always complaining. *Laudator temporis acti se puero*. They are full of times past, when their pleasures were more lively. This makes them great talkers. The character of Nestor in the 1st Book of the Iliad is exactly such a one.

174. *Censor castigatque minorum.*] Taken from Aristotle's principles, old men are guided by reason, not by custom, and think young men fools for following custom more than reason. This makes 'em always grumbling and out of humour.

175. *Multi ferunt anni venientes.*] *Anni venientes*, the coming years; the years preceding the virile age. *Anni recedentes*, the returning years; the years going back towards old age and death: the former were always reckon'd by the ancients by addition, the latter by subtraction. See the

5th Ode of the 2d Book. The French have an expression like the *recedentes* of the ancients, for they say of a person who is declining in years, he is *sur son retour*, upon his return.

176. *Ne forte seniles mandentur juveni partes.*] The manners and passions which attend each age, shou'd be carefully study'd, to prevent confounding them.

178. *Semper in adjunctis aevoque morabimur aptis.*] *Adjuncta aevo*, every thing that necessarily attends the age. *Apta aevo*, every thing proper to it. The same may be apply'd to sex, country, quality, and whatever else distinguishes mankind. As in the XVth Chapter of Aristotle's Art of Poetry.

179. *Aut igitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*] Dramatick poems consist of Representation and Recital. By Representation every thing is brought on the stage that ought to be expos'd to the view of the spectators. By Recital he's inform'd of every thing he ought not to see. 'Tis the same with Epick Poetry.

180. *Segnius irritant animos.*] What we see touches us more than what we hear, and the eyes are more incredulous than the ears. A Poet therefore shou'd take care not to keep behind the scenes what he ought to expose on the stage, and not to expose what wou'd shock the spectators.

181. *Oculis fidelibus.*] Faithful eyes. Faithful, which like a looking-glass render the object such as they receive it, whose testimony is to be credited.

182. *Et quae ipse sibi tradit spectator.*] A happy expression; in Representation, the spectator learns by himself what passes. In Recital he learns it only from the Reciter; in the one he forms what idea of it he pleases, in the other, he can form only what idea the Reciter pleases to give him.

Non tamen intus digna geri.] A Poet must never expose any thing that's incredible and cruel.

184. *Facundia praefens.*] The recital of an actor present *Facundia*, because the recital ought to be pompous and pathetic, as that of the death of Orestes in the *Electra*.

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185. *Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet.*] Some have thought Horace here does not condemn all murders upon the stage, only horrible ones, as that of a mother killing her children; nay it has been endeavour'd to be prov'd, that murders may be expos'd with success from the practice of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Æschylus in his *Ceophores*, kills Agamemnon, Prometheus, and Clytemnestra, on the stage. Sophocles does the same in his *Electra*, where Orestes kills his mother. And Euripides in his *Alceste*, who kills her on the stage. But this does not at all excuse the defiling it with blood. Neither are these allegations of those that defend it true. Agamemnon is not kill'd in sight of the audience, for the chorus, who hear his cries in the palace, resolve to enter to his assistance; and Prometheus is carried off by a tempest, which closes the scene. Scaliger is strangely mistaken in this; especially as to Clytemnestra, for she's so far from being kill'd in view of the spectators, that Orestes bids her follow him, that he may kill her near the body of Ægisthus. In Sophocles, Orestes's mother is in the palace when she is kill'd, as appears plainly by what *Electra* says to her deliverers, upon their re-entring the stage with their hands bloody. True, *Alceste* in Euripides does die on the stage. But she pines away; her woman cries out, 'she languishes, she dies away with sickness.' She was not wounded behind the scenes. She dy'd, but was not kill'd on the stage. In Sophocles, *Ajax* is said to be kill'd on the stage, which is a mistake too; for the Poet has with very great address plac'd a wood at the end of it, in which *Ajax* is murder'd, the spectators not seeing it. Horace here puts *Medea* and *Atreus* for all sorts of Tragick stories. For murders cannot be allow'd on the stage, let 'em be of what nature soever. None but bad Poets, who had not genius enough to move by the narration, have introduc'd bloody spectacles. *Medea* is a very fine fable for a tragedy. Horace does not condemn it, but her killing her children in publick. Seneca however breaks this rule in his *Medea*.

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186. *Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.* This story is, Atreus, who serv'd up his nephews to his brother Thyestes their father, for a supper. 'Tis thought Sophocles wrote upon it, as did the Roman Poet Accius, who directly avoided what Horace forbids here.

187. *Aut in avem Progne.*] He speaks now of other incidents that shou'd not be expos'd; such as wou'd be as ridiculous to see as agreeable to read. Of this kind are all Metamorphoses. For instance, Progne into a swallow, Philomel into a nightingale, and the like. In Epick Poetry, they may be brought in by narration. As the metamorphoses of Ulysses's ship into stone, and Æneas's into nymphs, in Homer and Virgil.

188. *Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*] Some things are to be shewn in tragedy, some to be told; if what should be told is shewn, and what should be shewn, told, 'twill spoil the poem. To shew what you should tell is the greatest fault. Horace explains a hint of Aristotle's in his XVIth Book, and gives the reason as well as the precept. For prodigies expos'd to sight are incredible. They are only tolerable in narrations.

189. *Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu.*] Ascanius Pedianus says the same. This rule is grounded on the constant practice of the ancients. Tho' 'tis not mention'd, 'tis imply'd in Aristotle's Art of Poetry, where he tells us, 'Poets ought to give their subjects not an arbitrary but a certain extent.' As their extent must be certain, so it must be just, which is exactly this division into five acts: practis'd in all regular plays, as well ancient as modern. The Greeks had no term that signify'd *Act*, but they had another division better than the Latins, or ours. For by marking the extent of tragedy in general, it mark'd also the different nature of its parts in particular, which that of the Latins and ours do not do. By dividing Tragedy into five acts, the Latin and modern Poets divide it into five like parts, which is vicious. This matter is discours'd of at large in the notes on the XIIth

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Chapter of Aristotle's Art of Poetry. If plays of five acts are of a just extent, those of three are defective. Plays of three acts have the defect which Aristotle finds in little objects. The sight is confounded, and they are either naked of, or loaded with incidents. Plays of six or seven acts would have the defect of great objects. The spectators would lose the idea of the whole, on account of its excessive bigness, wherefore the just medium lies in the five acts. In which there's room for the variety of incidents necessary for the passions. Three acts are not to be born with in any thing but farces, which supply the places of the satires and *exodia* of the ancients. Five acts are so essential and necessary to a perfect Dramatick poem, that this rule is not once broken by the Greeks and Latins. Euripides observes it even in his *Cyclops*, a satirick play, or rather a pastoral, wherein he might have taken more liberty than in a regular tragedy. Yet tho' that piece consists of but 800 verses, he has very exactly mark'd the division of five acts. Marcus Antoninus has this rule in view, when he compares life to a theatrical piece. He is comforting a young man who was dying, and answers him, 'I have not yet finish'd the five acts, I have play'd but three.' But in life, 'reply'd the Emperor, three acts are a compleat play.' If it is objected that Monsieur Racine wrote a play of three acts; tho' we must not accuse him as ignorant of the rules of his art, we may very well conclude he did not intend an entirely regular play. He was not willing to leave his story, which in its simplicity could not easily furnish out five acts, and thought much more of preserving the holiness and majesty of the original, than by multiplying incidents to give it a just extent.

191. *Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*] The Tragick Poets were blam'd of old for that, when they cou'd not unravel their plots, they had recourse to a divinity, who came in a machine and did it for them, as is done in the *Medea* of Euripides. This rule is taken from Aristotle, who does not, however, quite exclude machines, but such only as are

not born of the subject, either necessarily or probably; and this is the true sentiment of Horace, who says, machines should never be made use of, but when the knot deserves that a God should come to untie it. We read in Aristotle, Chap. XVI. 'In the manner, as well as in the disposition of the subject, the Poet must have a regard to what's either necessary or probable, so that the events may happen either necessarily or probably. From whence 'tis evident that the unravelling the plot ought to be produc'd by the plot itself, without making use of the help of a machine, as in the Medea.' This relates only to Dramatick Poetry; for in the Epick, machines are absolutely necessary.

Dignus vindice nodus.] A happy expression taken from the Roman law, which calls a man *vindicem*, who sets a slave at liberty. Thus Horace looks on an entangled piece, as a slave that stands in need of a God to come and set him at liberty.

192. *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*] The ancient Tragic Poets seldom introduc'd above two persons speaking in a scene, three were rarely to be met with, and four hardly ever. So Diomedes writes, *In Graeco Dramate fere tres personae solae agunt*. But it may happen there may be occasion for four to speak. Monsieur D'Aubignac pretends Horace does not entirely condemn the introducing a fourth person, but that a fourth person shou'd not force himself to speak. The text will bear such a construction, and our Poets have added a fifth to this fourth person. Nay Scaliger in the IIIId Book of his Art of Poetry, says, 'they make no scruple of bringing a fourth person into a scene.' As Aristophanes's ghost in the Frogs, the same in his Plutus and in his Birds. However what Scaliger says of Aristophanes does not decide the dispute. For Horace talks of Tragedy, and not of Comedy, in which no body questions a great deal more liberty may be taken. 'Tis very likely Horace's rule is simple, and without restriction, drawn from the common practice of the Greeks, and its being the most convenient, the most natural, and the most safe way. Aristotle informs us, Æschylus invented a

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principal person, which he join'd to him who appear'd between the songs of the chorus, and that Sophocles added a third. Nevertheless there are three actors to be met with in some of Æschylus's plays. See the remarks on the IVth chapter of that Philosopher's Art of Poetry.

193. *Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile defendat.*] The Chorus were a company of actors, who supply'd the place of those who ought probably to be present at the action represented, and were concern'd in it. 'Twas the foundation of all the probability of Dramatick Poetry, which since it has lost its chorus has lost at least half of its verisimilitude and greatest ornament, rendring our modern tragedy no more than the shadow of the ancient. The Chorus had two functions. For in the course of the acts, they were to join in the action and act a part, the Coriphaeus speaking alone in the name of all the rest, and after each act all the Chorus was to note the interval by their songs. Horace prescribes here two rules for these two functions of the Chorus. The first is contain'd in this verse,

Actoris partes Chorus officiumque virile defendat.

' The Chorus must act the part of an actor, and perform the functions of a single person.' 'Tis a translation or explanation of a passage in Aristotle's Art of Poetry, wherein 'tis said, ' the Chorus must act the part of an actor, be one of the persons of the place, and make a part of the whole.' The second function is contain'd in the following remarks.

194. *Nec quid medios intercinat actus, quod non proposito conducatur.*] What the Chorus sung between the acts to mark the intervals: which song Horace will have to agree with the subject, that is, be taken from it, and help to the forwarding it. Aristotle says, Sophocles and Euripides should be imitated in this; and those who do otherwise, *inserta canunt*, sing inserted songs, as suitable to one tragedy as another. Sophocles is the true model for the constitution of chorus's: Euripides

pidēs was sometimes deficient in this, tho' Scaliger prefers his conduct to Sophocles's; Aristophanes blames Euripides for it, in his *Acharnenses*, 'and those, *says he*, who compose 'his Chorus stand there like fools:' upon which the scholiast makes this judicious remark, 'Aristophanes in this verse 'laughs at Euripides for introducing Chorus's that do not 'sing things agreeable to the subject, but stories that are foreign to it, as in his *Phoenicians*.'

196. *Ille bonis faveatque.*] In these six verses Horace tells us what was the business of the Chorus: Scaliger forgets a great deal of it. The Chorus always took the part of honest men; the theatre was then the school of piety and justice better taught there than in the temples. *Et concilietur amicis.* Some have read *et consilietur amicis*, to give counsel to its friends: that was indeed one of the duties of the Chorus; but I question whether there are any instances of *consiliari*, to express giving counsel; 'till I meet with one I will rather choose to read *et concilietur amicis*, that is, it join'd with its friends, and supported their interests.

197. *Et regat iratos.*] As in *Oedipus*, the Chorus endeavours to moderate that Prince's choler against *Tiresias*, and *Tiresias's* against him.

Et amet peccare timentes.] The Chorus was so religious that it always declar'd for the innocent against the guilty.

198. *Ille dapes laudet mensae brevis.*] The Chorus of Tragedy may have frequent occasions to commend sobriety, one of the principal moral virtues.

199. *Ille salubrem, justitiam, legesque.*] The Chorus of *Oedipus* furnishes us with wonderful examples of what Horace writes on this subject.

Et apertis otia portis.] As in that fine Chorus of Euripides, when addressing to the Queen of Peace, it says,

*Queen of Riches, happy Peace,
Fairest of the Goddesses;
With what impatience have I waited,*

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*How long expected you in vain?
I fear old age will now destroy me
Before I shall behold your beauty,
Before your dances I behold
So full of grace, before I see
Your crowns, your feasts, and hear your songs.*

200. *Ille tegat commissa.*] The most essential qualities of the Chorus, are fidelity and secrecy, without which all verisimilitude is lost, and the poem spoil'd. These qualities depend on the Poet's address, who ought so to choose his Chorus, that its own interest may engage it to conceal what it is intrusted with, and to take care, that in concealing it, it does nothing against its duty. Euripides has committed a fault of this kind in his *Medea*, who tho' a stranger at Corinth, contrives the death of her rival the King of Corinth's daughter, as also that of the King, and afterwards to kill her own children, tells the Chorus, compos'd of Corinthian women, the King's subjects, her design, and yet they are so faithful to this foreigner, that they do not discover it to their natural Prince. The Chorus, 'tis true, must be faithful, but without violating the laws of Nature, or the laws of God: the fidelity of the Corinthian women to *Medea* is criminal; the Greek Scholiast endeavours to excuse it, by saying, that the Corinthian women being free, declar'd for justice, as Chorus's ought to do, which excuse is ridiculous and impious; and the same Euripides, who has made this Corinthian Chorus so faithful, when it should not have been so, makes the Chorus of *Creusa's* waiting women in *ION*, fail in their fidelity to *Xuthus*, and reveal her husband's secret to their mistress, tho' he had commanded them, on pain of death, not to do it. Horace's rule is, indeed, not so general, but it may admit of some exception; but I can much less forgive Euripides for the treachery committed in *Iphigenia in Tauris*; the Chorus is compos'd of Grecian women, and this Princess begs them to tell no body of her plot to carry off the statue of

Diana, promising to take them with her. The women are faithful to her, and yet she flies away alone with Orestes, and abandons them to the rage of Thoas, who would certainly have severely punish'd them, had not Minerva come to their deliverance.

201. *Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*] A necessary consequence of the justice and piety of the Chorus; the ancients blame Euripides, because his Chorus's are not always so much concern'd as they ought to be, for the unhappy. Sophocles never err'd once in this particular.

202. *Tibia non ut nunc, orichalco vineta.*] The eighteen following verses are obscure. After having spoken of the Chorus's in Tragedy, he speaks of the changes that had happen'd in the musick, and the verse, and the better to explain it, makes use of a very just example, saying, that as the Chorus's of the Roman plays, which were at first plain, with one very little flute, and without any ornament, chang'd the tone when the Roman people began to be more powerful and rich, riches and luxury having introduc'd the same change in verse and musick, as in manners; so the same thing happen'd to the Chorus of the Greek tragedies, the musick of which was at first as plain as the verse, but by degrees it became more harmonious and strong, and the measure of the verse was accommodated to the musick; in which measure they soon imitated the dignity and majesty of the oracles.

Orichalco vineta.] *Ὀρίχαλλον*, orichalk, a sort of mountain-copper, what we now-a-days call brass: the ancients esteem'd it so much, that for a long time they preferr'd it to gold itself: as in the II^d chapter of the XXXIVth Book of Pliny: Virgil puts it with gold, speaking of Turnus's cuirass. Those who took it for a natural metal, half gold, and half copper, did not remember Aristotle's observation, that nature produces no such sort of metal.

Tubaeque aemula.] The flute was brought by degrees to such a pitch, that it equal'd the trumpet, and was then us'd in the Chorus's of tragedies.

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203. *Sed tenuis simplexque.*] *Tenuis* oppos'd to *tubae æmula*; *simplex* to *orichalco vincta*.

Foramine paucò adspirare choris erat utilis.] Having few holes, proper for the Chorus's of Tragedy, which do not require sounding musick. The old Commentator, says Varro, in the IIId Book of the Latin Tongue, which is lost, said he had seen one of the ancient flutes with but four holes.

204. *Adspirare choris erat utilis.*] A little flute is sufficient for a Chorus, first, because the musick should be soft, loud musick not agreeing with the sentiments the Chorus ought to have, as pity, tenderness, &c. and secondly, because the theatres were then very little, and not much frequented.

206. *Quo sane populus numerabilis utpote parvus.*] Horace lays down four reasons why the Romans were at first not fonder of theatrical representations: as 1. they were but few in number. 2. they were wise. 3. they were pious, and 4. they were modest. Monsieur le Fevre will have it, that the first destroys all the rest. If the play-houses were empty, because there were few people to fill them, what need we attribute it to their piety or wisdom? he therefore corrected the text *parcus*, thrifty, for *parvus*, small; which reading is not just: Horace opposes *parvus*, to *agros extendere*, and *latus murus*, as he opposes the three other epithets, wise, pious, and modest, to *vinoque diurno placari genius*, to the dissolute manners which reign'd soon after on festival days; besides, the word *parcus*, thrifty, which Monsieur le Fevre would read instead of *parvus*, small, cannot come in here on any account, since the people did not pay any thing at the theatre, the Magistrates defraying the charge.

208. *Postquam coepit agros extendere victor.*] When their victories oblig'd the Romans to extend the compass of their walls, to admit the nations they had subdu'd, then luxury and riches alter'd the verse and musick of the Chorus's, from simplicity to pomp.

209. *Vinoque diurno placari Genius festis impune diebus.*] 'Twas not lawful for the first Romans to debauch by day-

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light, even not on festivals; *placari genius*, sooth their Genius: a happy expression for the mirth of wine and good company.

211. *Accessit numerisque, modisque licentia major.*] They gave themselves full liberty to alter the verse and musick, from a soft and simple, to a lofty and diversify'd tone.

212. *Indoctus quid enim saperet.*] Horace attributes the variety and wantonness, which were added to poetry and musick, to the ignorance, laziness, rudeness, and vileness of the villagers admitted by the Romans into their body. Socrates and Plato, are of opinion, that wanton musick proceeds from the ignorance of the mind, and the corruption of the heart.

Liberque laborum.] Lazy, and in repose after the vintage and harvest.

213. *Urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*] The rudeness and debauchery of the villagers, prevail'd over the gentility and severity of the Romans.

214. *Sic priscae motumque et luxuriam addidit arti.*] The players on the flute added movement and wantonness to the ancient art, which was before chaste and severe. *Motus* answers to *numerus*, in the 211th verse, and *luxuria* to *modus*. Pliny says, 'while they made use of simple musick, but after the variety and wantonness of song were added to it,' which is taken from the IVth Book of Theophrastus's History of Plants. Plato tells us, 'the variety in musick produc'd intemperance.'

215. *Traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*] Dress, as well as musick, was corrupted: the musicians wore their robes with long trains, only us'd by the Greeks; in tragedies they call'd them *Syrma*, as in Julius Pollux. *Vagus* relates to the motion of the Chorus, in singing the Strophees and Antistrophees.

216. *Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis.*] The application of the example. As our musick and poetry chang'd as our people aggrandiz'd themselves; so did also the Grecian

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lyre, from a plain to a lofty tone: Cicero, in his II^d Book *De Legibus*, speaks of the severities of the ancient musick: *antiqua musicae severitas.*

Fidibus.] Horace assures us the ancient Greek Tragedy made use of the lyre; and indeed the lyre was us'd a long time. Sophocles play'd on it in his tragedy of *Thamyris*.

217. *Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps.*] The verses of the Greek Chorus, like those of the Latin, underwent the same change as the musick; instead of plainness an extravagance of language was affected, little different from that of the priests in pronouncing their oracles. Horace here falls on the Greek Tragick Poets, who are very often bombast, and affecting the Sublime, swell into fustian, in imitation of the Priests. Heinsius is very much mistaken in this passage.

Facundia praeceps.] The epithet *praeceps*, is enough to shew us, that Horace is censuring and not commending: *facundia praeceps* is a bold rash eloquence, the Rhetoricians call it *meteora*, and Quintilian, *praecipitia*. Longinus opposes it to the sublime. 'Twas said of Æschylus, *sublimis usque ad vitium*.

218. *Utiliumque sagax rerum et divina futuri.*] Heinsius is out again here: Horace, as he pretends, is shewing how tragedy came to its perfection; whereas he is not talking of tragedy in general, but of the Chorus, and shews how it came to be corrupted: one of the functions of the Chorus was to comfort the afflicted, which ought to be perform'd with a noble simplicity; but from giving advice, the poets, in time, gave entirely into Prophecy, as the chorus of Æschylus: Agamemnon says, 'I prophesy without mission and without wages.' Horace here condemns the bombast diction, and 'the obscurity of the chorus's.

220. *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum.*] He now speaks of the Satyrick Poetry of the Greeks; a sort of poetry between comedy and tragedy: Horace seems here to attribute the invention of it to Thespis: 'he who disputed

'the prize of Tragedy, soon produc'd Satyrs;' but there are two reasons against this opinion: the first is, we read no where of Thespis's Satyrick Pieces; and the second, that the disputes for the prize of tragick poetry were not in use in Thespis's time, as Plutarch informs us in the life of Solon. Suidas is positive that Pratinas was the inventor of Satyrs. He liv'd a few years after the death of Thespis; 'tis therefore likely Horace means him, and that this poet, after having disputed the prize of Tragedy, in a very little while wrote Satyrs.

Tragicò carmine certavit.] The disputes of the prize of tragick poetry were by the poets producing their pieces to be play'd in publick: 'tis plain by this passage, that these disputes were more ancient than the invention of Satyrs.

Ob hircum.] The Poet who obtain'd the prize had a goat for his reward; it being the usual sacrifice to Bacchus, who presided over Tragedy; and some will have it Tragedy takes its name from this very goat, τραγῳδία, 'the song of 'the goat.'

221. *Agrestes Satyros nudavit.*] Shew'd Satyrs naked, and without disguise, that is, bad satyrick pieces play'd, wherein satyrs compos'd the Chorus, with father Silenus at their head: Demetrius Phalereus says, 'no body can ever form a tragedy, wherein rallery and laughter may be introduced; for he would then write a satyr.' There's but one remaining of all the satyrick pieces of the ancients, which is the Cyclops of Euripides, and that's sufficient to justify what Horace has written of them; he says *Agrestes Satyros*, as Euripides said of the Cyclops, Κύκλωψ ἄγροβόλα.

222. *Et asper incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit.*] He endeavour'd to bring rallery and pleasantry into satyrick pieces, without offending the gravity of tragedy: the Poet must always remember he is writing a sort of tragedy, and have a care of falling into mean rallery, which is only excusable in comedy. Tiberius in the Cyclops rallies Ulysses, and yet preserves the gravity of tragedy. 'I know this

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' famous prater, this noble sprig of Sisyphus.' Horace uses the word *asper*, *sharp*, to express its gallery.

223. *Illecebris erat et gratâ novitate morandus spectator.*] He attributes the origin of satyrs to the audience's desire of novelty: Diomedes, and Marius Victorinus, have said the same thing. *Satyros induxerunt ludendi causa, jocandique, ut simul spectator inter res Tragicas seriusque, Satyrorum quoque joci et lusibus delectaretur.* The Poets however had a more useful and specious pretence for it: tragedy was at first only a Chorus, who sung the praises of Bacchus; actors were afterwards introduc'd, and scenes and acts plac'd between their songs; Tragedy became so alter'd at last, that the Chorus was almost lost in it, insomuch, that it was a saying, ' it makes not at all for Bacchus.' The people were not for abolishing a good old custom; and the Poets, in honour of Bacchus, and to give them satisfaction, resolv'd to establish the ancient Chorus, and in such an agreeable manner, that it should be improv'd by the addition of pleasantry; this was the origin of Satyrs, wherein the Chorus mingled the praises of Bacchus.

224. *Functusque sacris, et potus et exlex.*] The three reasons for the invention of something to divert the audience.
1. They offer'd a sacrifice, in which there was no want of meat and wine. 2. They drank chearfully at that festival.
3. They were for any thing frolicksom and extravagant.

225. *Verum ita riores, ita commendare dicaces.*] Tho' on those festivals the people were disorderly, their vicious tastes must not be humour'd with *impudent Satyrs*; they must be half serious to correct those vicious tastes, and half pleasant to be suited to the festival: it may be objected, how comes it Horace lays down rules for the Satyrick pieces of the Greeks, of what use could these rules be to the Romans? in answer, Horace prescrib'd those rules, because the Romans imitated the Satyrs in their Attellanes, as in Diomedes. ' There's a third sort of Roman plays call'd Attellanes, from Attella, a city in Tuscany, where they began, which in their subject

'and rallery are entirely like the satyrick pieces of the
'Greeks;' the only difference being, in the latter, Satyrs or
other ridiculous actors were introduc'd, as Autolycus, Bur-
ris, &c. and in the Attellanes, obscene actors, as Marcus: if
Diomedes is not mistaken, his *Personae obscenae* are the same
Horace calls Satyrs; but Vossius pretends it should be read
personae oscae, Oscan or Tuscan actors; obscene persons be-
ing rather in the Mimes than in the Attellanes: by what
Horace says, 'tis unquestionable that there were Satyrs, and
'tis doubtless out of one of them Marcus Victorinus took that
verse,

Agite, fugite, quatite Satyri.

Perhaps, instead of Tuscan actors, the Romans afterwards in-
troduc'd Satyrs into these Attellanes. This passage to be
clear should run thus: 'in our Attellane plays we have imi-
'tated the Satyrick Tragedies of the Greeks; but tho' the
'occasions on which they are play'd be still the same, and the
'people are no less mad, yet we ought not to conform to
'their vitious appetites; we should give 'em some of those
'rallying and poignant Satyrs, and make 'em pass, &c. bring
'em into vogue, *Commendare.*'

226. *Ita vertere seria ludo.*] This passage signifies turn-
ing serious things into gay, playing Satyrick scenes after
Tragical: as in Greece, and Attellanes after Tragedies as in
Rome.

227. *Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur Heros.*] Gods, Kings, and Heroes were represented in the Attellanes,
as well as the Satyrick pieces. Diomedes is therefore mistaken
when he says, 'Satyrick Poetry is with the Greeks a Thea-
'trical performance, in which the Tragick Poets have not
'introduc'd Kings and Heroes, but Satyrs to rally and be
'merry.' The principal actor in Euripides's Cyclops is
Ulysses.

228. *Regali conspectus in auro nuper et astro.*] The Greek

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Poets, when the prize of Tragedy was disputed, had commonly four Tragedies represented, the last of which was a Satyrick piece. The four were term'd Tetralogy, and were written on the same subject as Ulysses, Achilles, Orestes, &c. They had the same name, the heroes of the play: the Orestiad of Æschylus is so call'd, to express the four Tragedies written on the adventures of Orestes. There were also Tetralogies, where the four pieces were written on different subjects: we read of a Tetralogy of Euripides, which consisted of four plays, on so many different fables; as the Medea, the Philoctetes, the Dictys, and the Reapers; but those that were on the adventures of the same Hero were most esteem'd, as being most difficult. In the Frogs of Aristophanes, Euripides bids Æschylus 'rehearse the first prologue of his Orestiad.' The Romans had no Tetralogies: they wrote a Tragedy, and an Attellane, on the same Hero; the same actor appear'd in both; for which reason Horace carefully recommends to the Poet so to order it, that the Hero who was seen deckt in gold and purple, Nuper, in the first play, the Tragedy, might not dwindle in the second, the Attellane, to a comick character: in a word, the Hero in the Attellane should keep the Middle, between the Sublime of Tragedy and the Meanness of Comedy: the Romans had something like Tetralogies, they had three plays acted, one after another, on the same subject; the first a real Tragedy; the second the Attellane; the third a Satyr or Exode, a kind of Farce of one act; they were all acted in the same cloaths, with the same mask, and by the same Actors; there were also the Tabernaria, Tavern Pieces, more decent than the Exodes.

Nuper.] This proves, that the same actor play'd in the Attellane, as play'd in the Tragedy: Plautus tells us as much in the prologue to his Menechmes, *Haec urbs Epidamnium est, &c.* 'This city shall be Epidamnium, during this piece; when we play another it shall be another city, after the same manner as we change the band of players; for the same actor is sometimes a slave, sometimes a merchant,

'sometimes a young man, sometimes an old one, sometimes a beggar, sometimes a king, &c.' St. Jerome has a fine comparison on this changing of our parts in the scene of life.

229. *Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas.*] The Tabernaria was so call'd, because there were taverns on the stage: Festus says of 'em, *Viris excellentibus humiles permixti, ut sunt plagiarii, servi Cauponae*. People of quality were jumbled in them with the rabble. The dialogue was low. Vossius pretends Plautus's Amphytrion is one of these pieces, in which neither gods nor heroes were ever introduc'd; for Horace says, the hero of the Attellane ought not to imitate the vulgar language of the Tavern Piece.

231. *Effutire laeves indigna Tragoedia versus.*] Horace speaks of the Attellane, which was in such esteem, that those who play'd in it were not rank'd with the comedians; when they play'd ill they were not oblig'd to unmask on the stage, as the others were: they did not lose their pay, and were allow'd to list in the armies; wherefore mean and low verses were unworthy so grave and honourable a poem as the Attellane.

232. *Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus.*] An admirable description of the characters of the satyrs introduc'd in these Attellanes; they should not be saucy and impudent like common Satyrs, nor solemn and reserv'd like Stoicks, but gay and pleasant; in a word, an Attellane should imitate a modest woman, who does not make profession of dancing, yet dances on festival-days, in obedience to religion and custom. Euripides's Satyrs, in the Cyclops, are just such as Horace describes 'em, and keep the Mean he recommends.

Matrona moveri iussa.] Young women were commonly chosen for the dances in honour of the gods. Marry'd women danc'd on the feast of the great goddess, by order of the Pontiffs; wherefore Horace uses the word *iussa*.

234. *Non ego inornata et dominantia nomina solum verbaque.*] A Poet who writes Attellanes should not neglect his style, nor give every thing its name without a turn: *Domi-*

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nantia verba, Proper Names; he calls them Reigning, because they are properly masters of the things they signify; the Greeks term'd them *Kύρια*, Masters. In Euripides's Cyclops, Silenus speaking to Ulysses and his companions, says, 'now you have got young Helen again, have not you all carest her a little, since she loves so much to change her husband?' which is modest for a Silenus in his cups: Horace would correct the licentiousness of the Satyrick pieces of his time.

235. *Satyrorum scriptor.*] If I were to write Satyrs, for Satyrick pieces.

236. *Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori.*] The Satyrick pieces should keep the exact Mean between the tragick and the comick style; but the Poet should not be always so afraid of the tragick, as to make Silenus in an Attellane talk like a Footman in a Comedy; Silenus is a person who may speak nobly, as he does in Euripides's Cyclops.

Tragico colori. He takes the metaphor from painting, and calls the different Styles, Colours; the colouring of Tragedy must be preserv'd in the Attellanes.

237. *Davusne loquatur an audax Pythias.*] Davus was a footman in Menander's and Terence's comedies. Pythias a servant-maid in a comedy of Lucilius's, who cheated old Simon of his money. Horace speaking of the comick styles, uses a comick term, *emuncto Simone*; *emungere* is in the low style, *emunxi argento senes*.

239. *An custos famulusque Dei Silenus.*] All the ancients represent Silenus as a wrinkled old man, bald, and flat-nos'd, with a long beard; they make him governor and foster-father of Bacchus. Orpheus begins his hymns to him thus, 'Hear me thou venerable foster-father of Bacchus.'

240. *Ex noto fictum carmen sequar.*] The Attellane Poets, as well as the comick, invented their subject as they pleas'd. Horace condemns this practice, and says, he would take the subject of his Attellane, as well as his Tragedy, from some known story, as there ought to be no difference in this be-

tween a tragedy and an Attellane. Euripides took the story of his Cyclops from the Odyssey.

241. *Ut sibi quisvis speret idem, fudet multum frustra que laboret.*] 'Tis difficult to observe nature and verisimility in invented stories; *difficile est proprie communia dicere.*] The subject taken from a known story appears so natural, that every one believes he could do as much himself.

242. *Tantum series juncturaque pollet.*] Horace is talking of the disposition of the subject, and affirms, that when a subject taken from a known story, such as Ulysses, Orestes, &c. is well concerted, and well adjusted, it deceives all the world, who think nothing so easy; whereas in truth, as Quintilian says of eloquence, nothing is harder, than what every one imagines he could have done himself; the Poet invents incidents, but applies them to a known story, of which he makes one probable Whole, by that ingenious connection Horace calls *juncturam*.

243. *Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.*] So many charms are there in known subjects. *De medio sumpta*, subjects that are in every one's hands, such as the adventures of Ulysses, of one of which Euripides form'd the story of his Cyclops.

244. *Sylvis deducti caveant me judice Fauni.*] The Poets of his time were apt to forget, that the satyrs and fauns were the inhabitants of the woods.

245. *Nec velut innati triviis ac penè forenses, aut nimium.*] The two extremities he recommends to them to avoid, not to make their Satyrs too polite, nor too rude; politeness and brutality reign in cities, in the country simplicity, which is the mean between brutality and politeness.

246. *Nimium teneris juvenentur versibus.*] Horace has coin'd the word *Juvenari*, to express the Greek word *νεανευ-ισθαι*, *juvenescere*, 'to grow young.' Satyrs should not say things too soft and tender; such as young men say in cities, when they make love: this would be too polite for them:

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Euripides has fallen into this fault in his Cyclop, where the Chorus says between the third and fourth acts,

*Happy the man who gives a loose to joy,
Near the pure spring where grows the lovely vine,
And in his bosom hugs a beauteous nymph.
Happy the man with essences perfum'd,
That in his arms a charming maid enfolds,
As soft and wanton as she's fair.*

All Euripides's care to mix some savage words here and there, as *ὑπασχάλισαν*, 'to hug under his arm-pits,' does not take so much off of its politeness, but that it is still too affected for a satyr.

247. *Aut immunda crepent.*] They must not talk obscenely, like town-rakes: Euripides's satyrs are very modest. Virgil has also observ'd this precept, in his VIth Eclogue, Where he makes Silenus say,

*Carmina quae vultis cognoscite: carmina vobis,
Huic aliud mercedis erit.*

'Hear the verses you ask of me, the verses are for you; and
'as for her, the nymph Aegle, she shall have another reward.'
A wanton thing cannot be said with more modesty. Where there is not this decency, the pieces are Mimes, and not Attellanes. Cicero writes to Papyrius, who had rally'd him a little too cynically: 'I now come to your gallery, where-
'in after the Poet Accius's Oenomaus, you have play'd not
'the true Attellane, as was heretofore the custom, but the
'true Mime, as is the custom now-a-days.' This passage in the IXth Book, Epistle the XVIth, has been ill interpreted. Cicero complains that the Poets of his time, in their Attellane pieces, fell into the obscenity of the Mimes. The civil war had introduc'd this abuse, which Horace wou'd have reform'd.

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Ignominiosaque dicta.] I have rendred it 'rude Affronts.' Satyrs should not be guilty of the foul language which is in towns. Euripides's satyrs say nothing rude to Ulysses.

248. *Quibus est equus, et pater, et res.*] *Quibus est equus.* 'Those who have a horse kept at the publick expence.' The Knights. *Quibus est pater,* 'those who have fathers.' The Nobles, the Patricians. *Quibus est res,* 'those that have 'wealth,' and are neither knights nor nobles.

249. *Nec, si quid fristi ciceris probat aut nucis emtor.*] He who buys fry'd pease, or fry'd nuts; meaning the populace, who us'd to buy them at Rome.

251. *Syllaba longa brevi subjecta.*] He comes now to speak of the verse of tragedy. He had given a hint of it in the 80th verse.

252. *Pes citus.*] The Iambick is one short, and one long; the short foot being first occasions its swiftness. Terentianus has thus explain'd it in Iambick verse.

*Adesto iambe praepes et tui tenax
Vigoris, adde conctum celer pedem.*

Unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit nomen iambeis, quum senos.] Tho' the Iambick verse consists of six feet, yet 'tis call'd Trimetre, on account of its swiftness; two feet being join'd together in scanning it. The short feet make it so easy. Thus instead of measuring this verse into six feet,

Adest | t'iam | be prae | pes et | tui | tenax.

'Tis measur'd into three,

Adest' iam | be praepes et | tui tenax. |

jugatis per dipodiam binis pedibus ter feritur. Victorinus.

Primus ad extremum similis sibi.] The first Iambick was equal and alike from one end to the other; that is, 'twas all

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compos'd of Iambicks, without the mixture of any other foot.

255. *Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures.*] The Poets mingled Spondees to correct the swiftness of Iambicks, as more agreeable to the gravity and majesty of tragedy.

256. *Spondeos stabiles.*] He calls them Stable, as consisting of two long feet, a support to one another, whereas the Iambick limps.

257. *Non ut de sede secunda cederet aut quarta socialiter.*] The Iambick only yields to the Spondee the odd places in tragedy, as the first, third and fifth foot. Terentianus has very well explain'd this in his little treatise.

At qui cothurnis regios actus levant, &c.

* But those who take the buskins to represent the adventures
* of kings, that their stile may the better answer their royal
* pomp, make use of majestick sounds, but keep however
* this law inviolable; let the second, fourth and last foot be
* Iambick.' This mixture renders the verse more noble.
'Tis still the *trimetre* measure, the second foot being an Iambick. The comic Poets, to disguise their verse, and bring it near to common discourse, invented the tragick order, and put Spondees in the even places, where the tragick Poets admitted of the Iambick only; were there no other difference but this of number, it would give the ancients a great advantage over us, who have but one sort of verse for comedy and tragedy. Tho' the words are different, the numbers are the same. Mr. Dacier is speaking of his countrymen the French; the English have never, or very seldom, observ'd measure in their comedies, which are written in prose, their tragedies in verse; and in this difference the ancients have not the same advantage over the English Poets, as they have over the French.

258. *Socialiter.*] As associates, to whom every thing is in common.

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259. *Hic et in Acci nobilibus trimetris, apparet rarus, et Enni.*] 'Tis ridiculous to think *Hic* here means the pure Iambick, and that Horace would praise Accius and Ennius for making use of it; the pure Iambick being condemn'd in Tragedy. He blames Ennius and Accius for neglecting the mixture of Spondees and Iambicks, and making hard and heavy verses, by ill placing the Spondees, or putting in too many of 'em. *Nobilibus trimetris*, is an irony in my opinion. Vossius is mistaken in construing *hic* here to be *hic loci*.

260. *In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus.*] Heinsius did not understand the meaning of this passage. Instead of *missos*, we must read *missus*, according to Theodorus Marcellius's correction. Horace continues to censure Ennius and Accius, and says, that their verses 'push'd upon the stage 'with great weight.' Their verses were full of Spondees, which made them so heavy they could not walk of themselves, and were push'd on.

262. *Premitt artis crimine turpi.*] Servius on the Vth Book of the Aeneis, quotes this verse out of Horace,

Nec tanta in Metris venia conceditur uti.

'It is not permitted to take so much liberty in verses.' If Servius is not mistaken, this verse may follow immediately after *aut Ignoratae*, &c. and we may thence infer, that this piece of the Art of Poetry is not entire, but that several verses are lost. I do not, however, think this verse is Horace's.

263. *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex.*] Every one does not understand the number and cadence of verse, and the Poets therefore meet with a foolish indulgence. He means, Accius, Ennius, and others, acquir'd their reputation at a cheap rate, the world being more kind than just to them.

265. *Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter?*] Indulgence makes Poets negligent; *vagari*, to write at a venture, to put a Spondee in the second foot as well as the first.

266. *Tutus, et intra spem veniae cautus?*] It signifies, word for word, 'By securing myself and taking precautions, without expecting a pardon;' the word *Intra* always denotes, that we remain on this side.

267.] *Vitavi denique culpam, non laudem merui.*] He who writes regularly avoids blame, but does not deserve praise. A man must do more than not be guilty of faults to merit applause.

268. *Vos exemplaria Graeca nocturna versate manu.*] Horace does not propose the reading the ancients to such as are contented with avoiding faults only, but to those who aim at perfection, which is no where to be found, except in the Greek authors. Thus Terentianus,

Maurus item Quantos potui cognoscere Graios? &c.

'How much might I, who am an African, have learn'd of the Greeks? in the study of whom consists particularly the art of poetry.' Horace recommends the Greek originals, Homer and Plato for the characters and the passions; Sophocles, Euripides, &c. for tragedy; and Aristophanes for comedy.

270. *At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros laudavere sales.*] Some pretend that Horace being the son of a freed-man, could not say *Nostri proavi*, our Forefathers, and that it should be *Vestri proavi*, your Forefathers; others alledge, that speaking of the Romans in general, he might say *Our*; whereas, in truth, Horace is not speaking himself, but the Piso's or the Romans, who upon his saying, *Vos exemplaria Graeca*, answer him, 'why do you turn us over to the Greeks, have not our ancestors recommended Plautus to us for his verse and pleasantry?'

271. *Nimis patienter utrumque ne dicam stulte, mirati.*] Horace's reply to the Piso's; 'yes, your ancestors did admire the pleasantry and verse of Plautus, but they were too good-natur'd in it, not to say too foolish.' 'Tis certain,

Plautus is by no means nice in his verse, which are for that reason call'd *Numeros innumeros*, 'numbers without numbers,' in the epitaph he made on himself. 'Tis certain also, that his pleasantry is often too flat, mean and extravagant, as it is sometimes too delicate and fine. Cicero proposes him as a pattern for rally. Horace does not here oppose Cicero's judgment in this particular, but condemns the ignorance of those who thought Plautus excell'd alike in every thing. Mrs. Dacier has handled this matter in her preface to three of Plautus's comedies.

274. *Legitimumque sonum.*] He calls a regular measure, a lawful Sound. He has said elsewhere, *Legitimum Poema.*

Digitis callemus, et aure.] Those who have a nice and delicate ear, when they hear good verse beat time with their fingers or feet, like musicians. Terentianus, '*Quam pollicis, &c.*' the masters of the art are wont to mark the cadence by striking with the foot or finger.' The beating time with the foot is most ancient, that with the hand was not known in Juvenal's time. For, says his commentator on that verse of his, *Audiat ille testarum crepitus*, 'they beat time with shells, like our castanets, when the Pantomimes danc'd; the masters of the chorus not beating then with their hands.

275. *Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camoenæ dicitur.*] Having treated fully of tragedy, he comes in the next place to comedy, which was a long time compris'd under the general name of tragedy. There were several tragic and comic Poets before Thespis, but because he was the first that made alterations of the drama, and reduc'd it to form, he is look'd upon as the inventor of dramatick poetry; tragedy before Thespis's time was only a parcel of tales in a comic stile, mingled with the songs of a Chorus in the praise of Bacchus. Plato writes in his *Minos*, 'tragedy is very ancient, it was not begun by Thespis and Phrynichus, &c.'

276. *Et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis, quæ canerent ægerentque perunctis faecibus ora.*] Some learned men have

imagin'd Horace is speaking only of the alterations Thespis made in the ancient tragedy. The first is his carrying his actors about in a cart, whereas they before this sung any where and any how, as it happen'd. The other is his smeearing of 'em with lees of wine, whereas before they play'd without doing any thing to their faces. The chief alteration of all is omitted by these commentators, which is Thespis's throwing in an actor among the Chorus to ease them, and give 'em a breathing time; which actor rehears'd an adventure of some illustrious person, which rehearsal and adventure gave rise to the fable and persons of the drama; wherefore he says, *quae canerent agerentque*. They Sung and Acted; they sung the Chorus, they acted the actor. This addition of one actor was doubtless very entertaining to the people, who before had been only us'd to hear the Chorus. See the IVth chapter of Aristotle's Art of Poetry. These actors playing in a cart a sort of droll pieces, full of scandal, gave occasion to a Greek proverb, 'he talks in a cart;' for, he rails, he affronts.

278. *Post hunc Personae pallaeque repertor honestae Aeschylus.*] Thespis's alterations put Aeschylus upon making more considerable ones. He brought out his actors with vizards; for *Personae* here is a vizard, and not a Person. He dress'd them in robes with trains; he put the buskin on them, and instead of a cart built a stage for them, changing the stile from burlesque to grave and serious. I wonder Horace makes no mention of farther alterations of his of greater consequence; for Aristotle tells us he added another actor to Thespis's, that he lessen'd the songs of the Chorus, and invented a principal part. 'Tis strange that Horace shou'd not mention that improvement, and as strange that Aristotle does not mention these alterations of Horace, in Aeschylus's pieces, from those of Thespis. The Poet is less excusable than the Philosopher, for that the latter speaks of the most important.

Pallaeque.] What Laertius calls *σολήν*, a robe with a train.

279. *Instravit pulpita tignis.*] *Pulpitum*, the Stage.

281. *Successit vetus his comoedia.*] Heinſius pretends theſe four verſes ſhould come after the 250th, where Horace ſpeaks of Satyrs, to which he affirms the old comedy ſucceeded. But this is their true place. When Horace ſays, the old comedy ſucceeded Theſpis and Æſchylus's plays, he does not mean that there were no tragick Poets after them, nor wou'd he have it underſtood that the old comedy ow'd its Origin to tragedy. His deſign is to ſhew us that comedy was cultivated after tragedy had arriv'd to a degree of perfection, which is alſo Ariſtotle's opinion. 'Comedy, ſays he, 'was not cultivated from the beginning, as tragedy was, &c.' After the grave and ſerious part of the firſt tragedies was ſeparated from the comic, the Poets ſtuck to the former and neglected the latter. After tragedy was arriv'd at perfection, the Poets began to cultivate comedy even in Æſchylus's time, as did Chionides, Magnes and Phormus, with ſucceſs. And ſoon after Æſchylus's death, comedy alſo arriv'd to perfection in the works of Cratinus, Plato, Epicharmes, Crates, Eupolis, Ariſtophanes, who were contemporaries. Wherefore Horace had reaſon to ſay, *Successit vetus his Comoedia*. Marcus Antoninus tells us in XIth Book, 'after tragedy the old comedy appear'd.' Does Marcus Antoninus mean the Satyrick tragedy? 'twould be ridiculous to ſuppoſe it. For it is eaſy to prove, that the old comedy came before the ſatyrick pieces. Monſieur Boileau in his poetry ſpeaks of this matter,

*To the ſucceſs of the firſt tragic ſhow,
Th' old comedy in Greece its birth did owe.*

He means, as Horace does, comedy was cultivated after tragedy was perfect.

282. *Sed in vitium libertas excidit.*] The old comedy was of two ſorts; that which was properly ſo call'd, in which was no fable, the poets reprov'd vice openly, and ſpar'd nei-

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ther citizens nor magistrates, whose names, and even the likeness of their faces, they brought on the stage. But when Lyfander had made himself master of Athens, and chang'd the government from a Democracy into an Aristocracy, putting it into the hands of the thirty tyrants, such a liberty which was not compatible with tyranny, displeas'd, and the Poets were forbidden to name those whose actions they represented. Fictitious names were then us'd, but the characters so well painted, that the persons cou'd not be mistaken. This was call'd the Middle Comedy, which lasted till Alexander's time, who having made himself master of Greece, restrain'd the licentiousness it had by degrees come to. This gave rise to the New Comedy, being an imitation of common life, with feign'd stories and supposititious names. Horace speaks of the last change.

Et vim.] Vis, the Force, for the Sharpness, the Scandal.

284. *Chorusque turpiter obticuit, sublato jure docendi.]* He does not speak of the reformation made in the old comedy. For there was a Chorus in the Middle; but of the law against the Poets of the Latter, who being forbidden to fall on the vices of their fellow-citizens, and exposing them personally on the stage, suppress'd the Chorus, which was apply'd particularly to that use, as appears in the Parabasis of Aristophanes's Chorus's, where the Poet digresses to talk of himself, or the publick; which not being allow'd afterwards in the New Comedy, there was no Chorus in it, as may be seen in Menander's plays. As there's no Chorus in Terence's and Plautus's of the same kind with the New Comedy, they are purely moral; every thing is feign'd, both Subjects and Names, the flutes fill'd up the intervals between the acts.

Turpiter obticuit.] Shamefully silent, to avoid the punishment inflicted by the new law. Horace looks on this restraint as a sort of disgrace, for *turpiter* does not relate to *Docendi*.

285. *Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae.]* Horace having spoke of the changes that happen'd in the three kinds of

Greek comedy, adds, the Latin Poets try'd all three, that is, they take in the gall of the Old Comedy, and the pleasantry of the Middle, in their imitations of the New. The Attelanes had Chorus's like Aristophanes's comedies.

286. *Vestigia Graeca ausi deferere, et celebrare domestica facta.*] The Latin Poets at first translated Greek plays call'd *Palliatas* from thence, the subject of the story being Greek; they afterwards invented stories of their own, which Horace terms *Domestica facta*, Domestick Adventures.

288. *Vel qui praetextas, vel qui docuere togatas.*] One of the most difficult passages in Horace; and the main difficulty consists in knowing whether Horace does not mean Tragedy by *praetextas*, and Comedy by *togatas*, or whether he speaks only of the different kinds of comedy, which last is the only true interpretation. Festus writes, *Togatarum duplex est genus, praetextarum hominum fastigii, quae sic appellantur quod togis praetextis rempublicam administrarent, Tabernariorum, quia hominibus excellentibus etiam humiles permixti.* *Togata* is the genus which comprehends the two kinds of Roman comedies; *praetextae* is one of the Species comprehended under the Genus, wherefore they are here *Togatae*, and consequently Comedies and not Tragedies; since tragedies were never call'd *Togatae*. As the Comedies whose stories were taken from the Greek were call'd *palliatae*: so the Comedies whose stories were Roman were call'd *togatae*: a general name given those Roman plays; because the *Toga* was the habit of the Romans, as the *Pallium* was that of the Greeks. There were two kinds of this *Togatae*, and these two kinds subdivided into two other, each of which had a name given it according to its subject and actors. Those comedies whose subjects were grave, and their actors represented the chief person in the stage, were called *praetextae*, from the habit *praetexta* wore by the magistrates, the robe edg'd with Purple; those that were less grave, and represented inferior persons, were term'd *togatae*. Melissus invented a third sort, *Trabeates*, from their representing soldiers and

knights, whose habit was called *Trabe*. The comedies below these, representing the actions of the meaner people, were term'd *Tabernariae*. There are none of these plays extant; neither the *Praetextae* nor *Togatae*. There were Poets for each kind, as Afranius Titinius and Quintius Alta, who wrote *Togatas*; and Pacuvius and Accius, who wrote the *Praetextae*. The former were reckon'd true comick Poets, as Horace says in the 1st Epistle of the II Book.

Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro.

He afterwards places Atta among the comick Poets. Pacuvius and Accius wrote the plays call'd *Praetextae*, comedies of a more serious cast. The two latter have been stil'd tragick Poets, *Tragoediae Scriptores Accius atque Pacuvius clarissimi*; and consequently these *Praetextae* had been thought to be tragedies; but they were not call'd tragick Poets for their *Praetextae*, but for tragedies written by them. Pacuvius wrote *Anchises*, *Antiope*, &c. Accius, *Achilles*, *Aegistheus*, *Alcestes*, &c. which were real tragedies. The *Praetextae* pieces of Pacuvius were *Paulus*, *Tunicularia*; and Accius's *Brutus*, and *Decius*. Their names shew they were serious pieces that came very near Tragedy, tho' they were in effect true comedy: they treated of true facts, mixing the gay and the serious together. In a letter of Pollio's to Cicero, Book X. we learn, that the questor Balbus, a very insolent man, had caus'd a *Praetextae* play to be represented at Cadiz, the story of which was his journey to Lentulus, to persuade him to embrace Caesar's party; and when he saw it play'd he wept, being touch'd at the remembrance of his great actions. *Ludis praetextam de suo itinere ad Lentulum Proconsulem sollicitandum posuit. et quidem, cum ageretur, flevit, memoria rerum gestarum Commotus.* These *Praetextae* pieces had neither the majesty nor dignity of the Tragedy.

Docuere.] They teach; a term affected by the Poets, who wrote for the stage, and were call'd Teachers, *Διδασκαλοι*,

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which shews plainly their end was not so much to divert as to instruct.

290. *Quàm linguâ.*] By his tongue, that is, by his Writings. He speaks particularly of theatrical pieces, and grants, that thro' the haste and negligence of the comick Poets, comedy had never arriv'd to its perfection. Quintilian says to the same purpose: *In Comoedia maximè claudicamus*, 'We are very weak in comedy.'

291. *Limae labor et mora.*] The trouble of correcting, *limae labor*, answers to *multa litura*, in the second verse after this, and the patience to keep a work a long time by one, without publishing it, *mora* to *multa dies*.

293. *Carmen reprehendite quod non multa dies et multa litura.*] Horace here passes sentence on an infinite number of writings; for every thing that is not well corrected is condemn'd as imperfect. Horace was continually correcting his verses, *Scriptorum quaeque retexens*, Sat. III. Book. II.

294. *Praefectum decies non costigavit ad unguem.*] A metaphor taken from those that work in marble, in wood, &c. who run their nail over their works, to see whether 'tis smooth or not; the Greeks call'd it *ἔχονυχίζεν*; upon which there's a fine saying of Polycletes, *Χαλεπώτατον ἐστὶ τὸ ἔργον ὅταν ἐν ὄνυχι ὀπηλὸς γένηται*. 'The difficultest part of the work is, when there's nothing to be done but to run the nail over it.' The Greeks had a proverb, *ἔχονύχος*, to express a thing being perfect, 'it has past the nail.'

295. *Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte.*] Democritus maintain'd that art was useless in poetry, and that it should come all from fury and enthusiasm. Cicero in the Iſt Book *de Divinatione*, *Negat enim sine furore Democritus quemquam Poëtam magnum esse posse*. Socrates is of the same opinion in ION. This being mistaken, abundance of people in Horace's time affected a slovenly air and retirement, to be thought Poets.

Misera arte.] A miserable art, in Democritus's sense.

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299. *Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtae.*] Horace says it with indignation, in as much as ill Poets ran away with the reputation and reward only due to the great ones.

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] Strabo mentions but two Anticyres, where hellebore grew. Horace makes three, to give the greater idea of the madness he speaks of, not to be cur'd by the hellebore of three Anticyres, if there had been so many.

301. *Tonfori Licino.*] Licinus, a famous barber, whom Augustus made a senator, for his hatred to Pompey. This epitaph was made on him,

*Marmoreo Tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse Deos?*

* Licinus has a stately marble tomb, Cato none, Pompey but a little one. Who can after this believe there are gods?

302. *O ego laevus, qui purgor bilem verni sub temporis horam*] Horace says, since madness makes a Poet, who would be such a fool as to get cur'd of his choler in spring-time, when 'tis like to work most upon him, and make the better Poet of him. *Purgor bilem* is the true reading, 'tis an Atticism; it must not be *purgo bilem*.

303. *Non alius faceret meliora Poëmata.*] No man was more cholerick than he.

Verum nil tanti est]. 'Tis not worth while, I will not be mad, to be a Poet.

304. *Ego fungar vice cotis, acutum reddere quae ferrum valet*] Plutarch quotes a saying of Isocrates, who being ask'd, how without eloquence he could make others eloquent, reply'd, 'whetstones do not cut themselves, but they make iron cut.' Horace means, he wrote neither Dramatick nor Epick poetry, and therefore did not look upon himself as a Poet. See the XIth verse.

306. *Nil scribens ipse.*] He wrote nothing in the great poetry.

307. *Opes.*] The riches of Poetry.

Quid alat formetque Poëtam.] That which forms and feeds a Poet. Horace here joins Nature with Art: Form presupposes Nature; feed, Art.

309. *Scribendi sapere est et principium et fons.*] He upbraids the fools who take madness for poetry, saying, good sense makes a Poet, and no man can write without it.

310.] *Rem tibi Socraticae poterunt ostendere chartae.*] Having said, that good sense is necessary, he now tells them where it is to be found: in Socrates's philosophy, the Academick philosopher, who alone enlightens the mind, and teaches Ethicks better than all the rest of the philosophers. Piso, on the Vth Book *de finibus*, makes a very fine encomium on the ancient Academick philosophy, which comprehend- ed Aristotle, and the Peripateticks. *Ad eos igitur, &c.* 'I pray
' you therefore give yourself to them, for all fine learning,
' all history, all polite language, are to be taken out of their
' writings; in which there's so great a variety of arts, that
' without their help 'tis difficult to succeed well in any thing
' considerable. By these are orators, generals, and magi-
' strates form'd; and out of this school come Mathematici-
, ans, Poets, Musicians, and Physicians.' Horace confines himself particularly to Ethicks, which Socrates handled better than any other philosopher; and nothing is more necessary to a Poet than moral philosophy in forming his characters. *Socraticae Chartae*, Socrates's papers. In the XXIst Ode of the IIId Book, *Socratici Sermones*, Socrates's treatises.

311. *Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequuntur.*] When a Poet has a good conception of things, he will not want expression; as Cicero, in the IIId Book *de finibus*. 'things drag
' words after them.'

312. *Qui didicit patriae quid debeat et quid amicis.*] Ethicks take in all the duties of mankind; of which he who is ignorant can form no just characters in Poetry.

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314. *Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium.*] The senators were call'd Conscript Fathers: *Conscripti* of a Senator, *Judicis* of a Judge; whether a praetor, or arbitrator confirm'd by the praetor.

316. *Reddere personae scit convenientia cuique.*] Each actor must have manners agreeable to the character, τὰ ἀρμόττοντα ᾧ; a general must not talk like a centinel, a god like a citizen, a senator like a country Justice.

317. *Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo doctum imitorem.*] By this model of life and manners Horace designs nature, the only original of all the different manners we see on the stage of the world; wherefore a skilful Imitator, a good Poet, when he introduces a miser or cheat, and the like, does not mind what such a one and such a one do, of whom he has an Idea; but what they ought to do, what nature would have them to do: he paints after nature, and not after a particular person, who is often but an imperfect and confus'd copy.

Doctum imitorem.] Imitator, for Poet; poetry being an imitation only, as Aristotle has shewn in his Art of Poetry.

318. *Et veras hinc ducere voces.*] Both Poetry and Painting are pure imitations. A Painter who draws a beautiful woman, after the most beautiful life, cannot pretend to draw a true Picture of beauty, for his Piece is only a copy of another Piece, an imitation of an image, and not of the truth, as Plato says, his strokes are not *verae lineae*, but *lineae simulatae, adumbratae*: He has not consulted the true original. 'Tis the same in Poetry; if a Poet would represent a miser, and paints only the avarice of such or such a particular person, he will take the Shadow for the Substance, the Image for the Truth; he must cast his eyes upon nature, and contemplate her idea of avarice, which is the true original. Horace therefore says, *veras hinc ducere voces*, 'to draw from thence true expressions.' If the whole beauty of this passage had been well understood, *veras*, true, would not have been chang'd into *vivas*, living. Horace explains Aristotle's rule

in the XVth Chapter of his Art of Poetry, rather to for Ξ characters after nature than after Particulars: in the latter we may find what Choler has done, in nature what choler ought and might probably do, which embellishes the character, and preserves the likeness.

319. *Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte fabula.*] A Subject where the sentiments are fine, and the manners well distinguish'd, tho' the conduct be otherways bad, and it has neither grace nor art, will always succeed better than a subject where the verse is fine, if the sentiments and manners are not good. Horace is speaking of comedy; in tragedy it is not the same; the manners and sentiments are not so necessary there as the disposition of the subject, Tragedy may subsist without the manners, but not without the action.

Speciosa locis.] And not *speciosa jocos*; for comedy cannot be *speciosa, fine*, for its *Jests, jocos*, which render it *Jucundam*, pleasant; but 'tis *speciosa locis*, a term'd us'd by philosophers and rhetoricians, instead of what we call the common places of philosophy; the Places from whence every thing is taken that may be said on a subject. Cicero calls them *Argumentorum sedes*. How could Horace write *speciosa jocos*, when he adds *nullius veneris*, 'without any grace?'

320. *Nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte.*] *Nullius Veneris*, 'without the graces,' which ought to be the companion of comedy: *Sine pondere*, 'without the verse;' *sine arte*, 'without art,' without conduct, without the disposition of the subject. Horace uses the word Art for the manners and characters, in the Ist Epistle of the II Book.

321. *Moratur.*] Stops, amuses, detains, hinders his going out at the first act.

322. *Quam versus inopes rerum, nugaeque canorae.*] He calls such poor verse, 'harmonious trifles,' for having neither manners, nor sentiments; they amuse the ear, but speak not to the heart.

323. *Graii ingenium.*] Horace always refers the Poets to the Greeks.

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Ore rotundo.] A way of speaking in Greek, to express a Fluency of speech, a round mouth, as Demetrius Phalereus has it; the Athenians were masters of the freedom and grace of expression, which this phrase denotes.

324. *Praeter laudem nullius avaris.*] He means the Greeks were greedy of praise, and to their love of praise he attributes their superiority in the arts over the Romans, who lov'd money better.

326. *Assem discunt in partes centum diducere.*] They learn to subdivide a penny, the Roman As, into a hundred parts, not to lose a day's interest of a penny.

327. *Filius Albini.*] Albinus a man of quality, and a noted usurer; all the education he gave his son, was to cast accounts well: Horace takes him to task and examines him, as if he had been his arithmetick master.

328. *Poteras dixisse.*] The phrase of a master angry, that his scholar is so long answering his question.

Triens.] The scholar answers, take away one ounce out of five there remains the third part of a pound, or as we say four ounces.

331. *Speramus carmina fingi posse linenda cedro.*] The booksellers, to preserve their good books, rub'd them with cedar juice, call'd *Cedrium*. Vitruvius, in the XIth Chapter of the IId Book, 'from cedar is taken an essence call'd *Cedrium*, which has a preserving quality; and books that are 'rub'd with it are not apt to grow mouldy or worm-eaten.' Pliny tells us, that the rubbing Numa's books with it kept them undamnify'd 500 years under ground. Dioscorides says, there's a virtue in cedar that will preserve dead bodies.

332. *Et levi servanda cupresso.*] They did not only rub books with cedar oil, but they kept them in cypress cases, which have the same virtue as cedar.

333. *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetae.*] Horace does not speak here of the different works of Poets, but of the different qualities of the same work, and the different views of the Poets, who would either instruct or please, or do both.

Horace declares very justly for the latter; he's talking still of Comedy.

335. *Quidquid praecipies, esto brevis.*] Those who would instruct should be short, that their instruction may be easily comprehended and retain'd.

337. *Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*] A metaphor taken from a vessel that's full, and can receive no more, all that's pour'd there afterwards is spilt. 'Tis thus in instructive discourses, all that's over and above runs off and makes no impression.

338. *Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.*] A rule for those that would please never to err against probability: recourse may sometimes be had to the gods, to whom all things are possible, in instructive things; but in those that are intended to divert, nothing must look miraculous or incredible. 'Tis observable how Horace expresses himself, speaking of the subjects of comedy: he says *ficta*, because the subjects of the New Comedy are always feign'd, whereas those of Tragedy are taken from some known story. 'A Poet, says Plautus, renders that probable which is only a dream.'

339. *Nec quodcumque volet poscat sibi fabula credi.*] A Poet should not only avoid what's monstrous and extravagant, but should offer nothing but what's credible. I'm satisfy'd this verse ought to be render'd word for word, 'that a comick subject does not require we should trust it with what it pleases.' A Poet must not hazard all sorts of adventures in comedy, no more than in tragedy. He must neither in the representation nor the recital venture any thing against the rules of probability. The example that follows will make this clear.

340. *Neu pransae Lamiae vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*] A Poet must not expose a Lamia, a monstrous woman who had swallow'd a child, which was taken alive out of her belly. Horace, no doubt, alludes to some Poet, who had brought this fabulous incident into his play.

341. *Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis.*] He says

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old men despis'd such fictions, as containing nothing instructive. *Centuriae seniorum*, 'the centuries of old men,' the bands of old men: for Servius Tullius divided the Roman people into six classes, each class compos'd of men of the same age, or the same rank, or the same estate, and this was done for the ease of the people's assemblies in the Comitium. By *Centuriae seniorum* may be also understood the Senators, and I rather think it so on account of what follows.

342. *Celsi praetereunt austera Poëmata Rhamnes.*] As the senators despise useless fictions, so the Equites rejected such as were not pleasant, and to get the applause of both, the pleasant and useful should be join'd together. *Celsi Rhamnes*, the *Equites*. Nothing is more ridiculous than to imagine *Celsi* is here for high, such as are of great courage, *excelso animo*. *Rhamnes*, that is, *Romani*, from the name of one of the three ancient tribes, into which the people were distributed: the *Rhamnenses*, the *Tatiens*, and the *Luceres*.

Austera Poëmata.] Dry poems, where the Dulce is not join'd with the Utile, the pleasant with the profitable.

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the manner of voting in the Comitium, by Points.

344. *Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.*] Both the pleasant and profitable must go together, and never be asunder, wherefore he says, *pariter*.

345. *Hic meret aera liber Sosis.*] The Sosis's, famous booksellers of that time, mention'd in the last Epistle of the first Book.

347. *Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.*] Tho' a comick Poet ought to instruct and divert every where, some faults will be forgiven him, if he does not.

348. *Nam neque chorda sonum.*] A comparison that shews very well of what nature faults must be that are pardonable, they ought to be like those false Tones, which a false string, or a string ill struck, sometimes gives; it makes a dissonance, but such a one as is not perceptible, the other strings that perfectly accord and give a right tone drowning it.

350. *Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.*] As the best Marksman in the world does not always hit the White, so the best Poet does not always succeed.

351. *Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine.*] As no writings can be pretended to be perfect, so the best are those where the Good not only surpasses the Bad, but where the Bad is very trivial.

352. *Paucis offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit, aut humana.*] The faults of Poets ought to be either little negligences, or meer marks of human frailty; mankind not being able to take equal care of every thing. Longinus has explain'd this passage in his XXXth Chapter.

353. *Quid ergo.*] Upon Horace's saying, we should pardon such little negligences: this objection is made to him, or he makes it himself. *Quid ergo?* what must we blame them? since one may make any thing pass for a negligence.

354. *Ut scriptor si peccat idem Librarius.*] *Scriptor Librarius*, a bookseller who writes books with his own hand. The faults which ought not to be pardon'd are those that are too common, and always the same. As we do not pardon a transcriber who always errs in the same word.

357. *Sic mihi qui multum cessat.*] He who often falls into those negligences. The Greek proverb says, 'tis a sign of 'a fool to be twice guilty of the same fault.'

Fit Choerilus.] The same Choerilus spoken of in the 1st Epistle of the second Book.

358. *Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror et idem.*] Horace twice or thrice admires this Choerilus; he admires him so, that he laughs at him again and again. Two or three fine places in a play do not hinder its being a bad one, if there's nothing else answerable.

359. *Indignor quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*] When I wonder how Choerilus could come off so well twice or thrice, says Horace, I am in a downright rage with Homer for sleeping sometimes as he does. Faults are as rare in Homer as beauties in middling authors. How just, how polite

is this thought, and how glad am I that Horace could not without indignation see the faults that escaped Homer, whose faults are so few, that there are a thousand good things for every one of 'em; none of which are gross and fundamental.

Quandoque.] For *quandocumque*, *quoties*. *Indignor quoties*. Horace says, I still laugh at Choerilus in admiring him as I have done, twice or thrice; whereas I always admire Homer, and feel a secret indignation when he happens to sleep. Which shews how much those are mistaken, who wou'd turn this *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*, into a sort of proverb.

360. *Verum Opere in longo.*] He excuses those faults of Homer, by saying, that in a work of length a man may be allow'd to sleep sometimes. See the first Chapter of the tenth Book of Quintilian.

361. *Ut pictura, poesis erit.*] Poetry and Painting, are in some measure like one another, being both Imitations, but are different in as much as they imitate differently. Horace wou'd only shew us that poetry is in some respects like painting. Aristotle also compares poetry to painting. Here Horace touches upon one of the things that are common to both Imitations; which is, that poetry as well as painting has its light and point of sight, in which its effect is to be judg'd of, and if displac'd, an ill judgment will be made. Horace might as well have said, poetry is like Sculpture, for Statuaries proportion their figures to the places for which they are design'd as well as painters.

Quae, si propius fies.] Horace says, 'tis in poetry like painting, and as there are pictures which should be seen at a distance, and others near to them, so there are some pieces in poetry that shou'd be look'd upon by different lights, and have different points of sight, out of which they lose their grace and regularity. This matter is fully explain'd by Bossu, in the VIIIth Chapter of the last Book of his treatise on Epick Poetry.

362. *Et quaedam, si longius abstes.*] The bits and scraps taken out of Homer and Virgil to be ridicul'd, are most commonly those that should be seen at a distance, and in the places, for which they were made. They appear irregular, because misplac'd.

364. *Haec amat obscurum.*] A painter must not place in a full light what was made for a small one; neither must any part of a poem, which was made for obscurity, be examin'd by a full light.

365. *Haec placuit semel.*] As there are some things in painting, design'd only to please for a moment, so there are some in poetry intended only to please, *en passant*. The former made for the eye while it passes to the more labour'd part, and the latter for the mind.

371. *Diserti Messalae.*] The same Messala Corvinus, the famous orator, whom he speaks of in the XXIst Ode of the third Book.

Casellius Aulus.] A Roman knight, one of the most eminent lawyers of that time. A man of great learning, eloquence and wit. There are several jests of his still remember'd in the ancient authors. But, 'what, says Monsieur Dacier, adds more to his honour than all his wit and learning, is, his having the courage to preserve his liberty, when every one was running into slavery.' The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Anthony and Augustus, cou'd never oblige him to draw up the edict for their proscription; and 'tis remarkable, that the French commentator should close his reflections with this observation. 'It is glorious to Augustus, that a man so free might be mention'd with applause by a Poet of his court.'

372. *Mediocribus esse poetis.*] Mediocrity is not to be endur'd in Poetry; if it is not excellent, 'tis wretched.

373. *Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columnae.*] Every thing is against this mediocrity: Men, Gods, and the posts of the booksellers shops. Men reject it. The Gods, Apollo, Bacchus, and the Muses, disown it. The posts of the

shops, on which they were fix'd, bare 'em with regret. He calls that *Columnae* here, which he terms *Pila*, in the IVth Satyr. The old commentator says, they were posts where the Poets put up bills of the time and place, where and when they would publickly read their works. But these posts are more likely to be those of the booksellers shops, where their books were fix'd for sale. All new Books were so fix'd. I believe advertisements of things lost were also fix'd to them. For Propertius having lost his pocket-book, says to his foot-boy, *I Puer*, &c. 'Go presently and fix it on some post, that I'd give so much to have my pocket-book again, and advertise that thy master lives at the Exquiliad, whither it must be brought.' Book the fourth Eleg. XX.

374. *Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors.*] Musick, essences, &c. are the joy of a feast, when they are excellent, but when they are bad they spoil it. 'Tis the same in poetry, made for the pleasure and ease of the mind. When it is indifferent, it has a quite contrary effect, being as detestable as discord in musick, or bad essences.

375. *Crassum Unguentum.*] Thick essences of an ill smell.

Et Sardo cum melle papaver.] White poppey-seed, roasted, was mingled with honey, as Nannius has very well observ'd. Pliny in the VIIth Chapter of the XXXth Book, *Papaveris*, &c. 'There are three sorts of home poppey, the white, the seed of which roasted the ancients us'd to serve at the second table, mix'd with honey.' There was nothing worse than this seed mix'd with Sardinian honey, which was very bitter, because of the abundance of bitter herbs in that Isle. Virgil in the VIIIth Eclogue, *Immo ego Sardois videar tibi amarior Herbis*, 'Let me appear more bitter than Sardinian herbs.'

376. *Poterat duci quia coena sine istis.*] As a feast may be good without musick and essences, so a man may be worthy and agreeable without making verses.

377. *Juvandis.*] To please the mind. To instruct and inform. *Juvandis* comprehends both, like the Greek word, ὠρεῖν.

379. *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis.*] *Ludere*, to do his exercises well, to ride, wrestle, swim, throw the javelin, handle a pike and sword, play at tennis, quoits, &c. which he calls *Arma campestris*, the arms of the field of Mars.

380. *Trochive.*] In the XXIVth Ode of the III Book. *Seu Graeco jubeat Trocho.*

383. *Liber et Ingenuus.*] As if people of quality cou'd know every thing without learning. A false prejudice in their favour, which has prevail'd a long time. *Ingenuus*, a man born of a free father. See the VIth Satyr of the Ith Book.

Census equestrem summam nummorum.] He who is put in the register of the *Census*, as rich enough to be a knight, about 10000 crowns.

384. *Vitioque remotus ab omni.*] As if being well-bred and honest, qualify'd a man to make verses. Horace doubtless had his eyes to some *Equites* who thought so.

385. *Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.*] He softens the precepts he has been giving.

386. *Id tibi judicium est, ea Mens.*] *Judicium*, the opinion that causes a resolution. *Mens*, what executes it. Horace speaks to the elder Piso, as wanting no instruction.

387. *Scripseris.*] The old commentator, says Piso the elder, wrote tragedies.

In Metii descendat Judicis aures.] Speaking of Spurius Metius Tarpa, a great critick, and one of the judges appointed to examine writings. He mentions him in the tenth Satire of the first Book. These judges or Academicians, founded by Augustus, lasted a long while. Onuphrius Panvinus mentions an inscription, by which it appears, that in the reign of Domitian, one L. Valdrius Pudens, a native of Tarentum, at about thirteen years of age, obtain'd the prize of poetry, and was crown'd by the judgment of the judges. CORONATUS EST INTER POETAS LATINOS OMNIBUS SENTENTIIS JUDICUM. 'Tis true, this youth was crown'd

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in the Quinquennial games, instituted by Domitian in honour of Jupiter Capitolinus, and Mr. Masson has oppos'd a passage of Suetonius about those games in opposition to Mr. Dacier's remark on the duration of these judges establish'd by Augustus. But, says the latter, ' Do these Quinquennial judges, instituted by Domitian, prove, there were none appointed before by Augustus? might they not continue till Domitian's time? and be nam'd by that emperor to preside at those games. Mr. Masson's ill reasoning is a consequence of the error he fell into about this verse of the tenth Satire.

— Haec ego Ludo,
Quae nec in Aede sonent certantia Iudice Tarpa.

" Where he interprets *Aede* to be a private house, whereas it must be understood of the temple of Apollo Palatinus."

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] As Helvius Cinna did. He was a good Poet, and an intimate friend of Catullus's. He was nine years revising a poem of his call'd *Smyrna*.

*Smyrna mei Cinnae nonam post denique mensem
Scripta fuit nonamque edita post Hyemem.*

Isocrates was ten years revising his Panegyrick. Horace does not however limit the time to nine years; he puts a definite for an indefinite, which depends on the labour and judgment of each author, who may weaken his work by too much correcting it. ' Correction, says Quintilian, ought also to have its bounds.'

391. *Silvestres homines sacer interpretisque Deorum.*] I think Heinsius as unhappy here as in his other emendations of the text. What is said in the sequel, is not indeed connected with what goes before; however 'tis well pursu'd. Horace fearing he might discourage Piso by what he has been saying of the difficulties in poetry, now speaks of the rewards

to those that surmount them, and the honours paid to the first Poets, as Orpheus, Amphion, &c.

Sacer interpretsque Deorum.] He calls Orpheus so, because he was a divine, and instituted the *Orgia*. Virgil styles him Threicius Sacerdos. The hymns that go under his name were not made by the ancient Orpheus, who liv'd in Moses's time, but by one Onomachus, who liv'd in the time of Pisistratus.

392. *Caedibus et visu foedo deterruit.*] Horace speaks of an Orpheus who was more ancient than the expedition of the Argonauts. Palephatus, a very ancient author assures us, that the fable of Orpheus, who by his harmony drew tigers and lions after him, was invented on his softning the minds of the Bacchanalian nymphs, and making 'em quit the mountains whither they were fled, and where they had spent several days in tearing sheep to pieces.

394. *Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis.*] Cadmus built Thebes about 1400 years before the birth of our Saviour, and 25 years after it was built Amphion encompass'd it with walls, and built a citadel; and for that, by his harmony, or according to others, by his eloquence, he persuaded the citizens and peasants to set their hands to the work, it was fabled he rais'd the citadel and walls with the sound of his lyre, and that the stones leap'd of themselves into their proper places.

396. *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam publica privatis secernere.*] The first poets were properly philosophers, who made use of poetry the better to insinuate themselves into mens minds, and shew them how to distinguish publick and private good, to govern their passions, and manage themselves discreetly in their own affairs, to mind oeconomy, to build cities, and obey the laws.

398. *Maritis.*] As we say marry'd people, husbands and wives.

399. *Leges incidere ligno.*] The first laws were written in verse, and in verse Solon begins his laws.

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Ligno.] On wooden tables. The Romans engrav'd theirs on copper-plates.

400. *Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus.*] Thus poetry and Poets acquir'd so much honour by doing good to mankind, and by correcting their errors.

401. *Post hos insignis Homerus.*] Poetry in the second age took another course, to elevate mens courage and qualify them to serve their country, it sung the deeds of heroes. Homer and Tyrtæus began the second age.

402. *Tyrtæusque.*] He was a schoolmaster, little, ugly, limping, and one-ey'd; the Athenians gave him, by way of derision, to the Spartans, who, by order of Pythian Apollo, demanded a general of them to lead them against the Messenians, which he did, and was beaten, by the Messenians in three several battles. This so reduc'd the Spartans, that they were forc'd to list their slaves, and promise them the wives of the slain. The kings of Sparta, discourag'd by so many losses, wou'd have return'd home, but Tyrtæus repeating some verses of his at the head of the army, so animated the soldiers that they fell on the enemy and routed them. Some of these verses are still extant. This was about 680 years before Christ.

403. *Diffæ per carmina sortes.*] Horace places the oracles in the second age of poetry. Aristophanes, with more reason, puts them in the first: oracles being more ancient than Homer, perhaps he means, that the first oracles were deliver'd in prose, and afterwards in verse only, which is true.

404. *Et vitæ monstrata via est.*] This has reference to Physicks, and not Ethicks. Poetry, in the second age, began to explain in verse the secrets of nature. *Vitæ* for *Naturæ*. Nature that gives life to all things.

Et gratia regum Pieriis tentata modis.] Poetry then court-ed the great.

405. *Ludusque repertus, et longorum operum finis.*] He alludes to the tragedies and comedies play'd on solemn festivals.

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Ne forte pudori.] Which proves Horace wrote this encomium on poetry, to hinder Piso's being shock'd at the difficulty of it.

407. *Musa lyrae solers.*] *Lyrae solers* is remarkable; for I think I have always met with *solers* either alone, or with a verb.

408. *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte quaesitum est.*] He does not forget the grand question, whether poetry comes from nature or art. Horace, to hinder the Piso's trusting wholly to their genius, determines it, that nature and art should always go together. Nature, 'tis true, is the basis of all, as Horace owns in the III^d and VIth Odes of the IVth Book. Nature alone is preferable to art alone, but join'd together it makes perfection. Nature gives a facility, art, method and safety. *Ars certior quam Natura*, says Cicero; and Longinus observes, that as free as nature appears, she does nothing good at a venture, and is no enemy to rules. Nature without art is blind, and rash; art without nature, rude, barren and dry. Quintilian has it, 'We believe there's 'nothing perfect, but what is produc'd by nature assisted by 'art.' Art is never so perfect as when it imitates nature. Nature never succeeds so well, as when it conceals art.

410. *Nec rude quid profit Ingenium.*] *Rude Ingenium*. A genius, which tho' happy of itself, is always rude when not polish'd by art.

412. *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam.*] He proves by examples, that there is nothing where nature alone suffices, and where there's no occasion of art. The Prize-Fighters not only labour'd hard to succeed; they liv'd in a general abstinence of every thing call'd pleasure: are the Poets exempted from this law of labour? no man will ever make a good Poet without it.

413. *Puer.*] They began these exercises very young.

414. *Qui Pythia cantat tibicen.*] Horace does not mean Pythick games, they were then out of use, but the players on the flute in the ancient Chorus's of comedies. When all

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the Chorus sung, one of them play'd to accompany the song, who was thence call'd *Choraule*. And after their songs were done, there was another player on the flute, who play'd singly to what was sung singly; and this last was termed *Pythaule*, a Player for Pythian songs; which were like poems or hymns to Apollo, sung in the city of Pytho. Diomedes says, 'When the Chorus sung, the players on the flute accompany'd them with the flute call'd the Chorus flute, and answer'd with the Pythick flute to the single songs.' These *Pythauls* and *Chorauls*, who were of old part of the band of musicians in the dramattick representations, separated afterwards and play'd by themselves. There were some of these masters very famous, and of these Horace speaks.

415. *Didicit prius, extimuitque Magistrum.*] There never was an eminent player on the flute, who had not serv'd an apprenticeship; wherefore since nature is not sufficient for little things, how should she suffice for great?

416. *Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poemata pango.*] This language is but too common now-a-days, and people too apt to think they have no need of reading the ancients, since they in their own opinion think they write so well without it.

417. *Occupet extremum scabies.*] An expression us'd by children, who at certain plays cry'd out, 'The mange will take the hindmost.

Mihi turpe relinqui est.] While I am studying the ancients others will get before me, and write comedies and tragedies. If I write without study, let who will learn the rules, I will say I know them.

419. *Ut praeco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.*] Art and nature are not always enough to make a good Poet; there must be also faithful friends to tell an author of his faults, which are hard to be found by such great men as the *Piso's*. Horace compares rich Poets to publick criers; as the latter invited people to come and buy their ware, the former invited flatterers. He who praises is the purchaser.

Cogit.] *Convocat*, summons people and flatterers together.

421. *Dives agris.*] This verse is repeated in the second Satire of the first Book.

422. *Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit.*] If the rich Poet will treat and lend a poor brother Poet, 'twill be a wonder if he knows how to discern the friend from the flatterer. Horace makes here, *en passant*, a nice encomium on the Piso's.

Unctum ponere.] To treat high. *Opsonium* is understood. Martial said to Pomponius,

*Quod tamen grande Sophos clamat tibi turba togata,
Non tu Pomponi, coena disertata tua est.*

'Tis not thee Pomponius, 'tis thy supper that is so eloquent. Pliny calls such parasites *Laudicoenas*.

423. *Levi pro paupere.*] *Levis*, inconstant, light, perfidious.

424. *Beatus.*] Happy; he who distinguishes the flatterer from the friend.

426. *Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui.*] He advises the elder Piso never to read his verses to a man to whom he has lately given or promis'd a present. A self-interested friend will never make a good critick.

427. *Plenum Laetitiae.*] Full of joy for what was given or presented him.

429. *Pallefcet super his.*] *Super his*, over and above.

431. *Ut qui conducti plorant in funere.*] Horace says there is as much difference between a flatterer and a sincere friend, as between those who are paid for weeping at a funeral, and those true friends who weep unfeignedly. The flatterer praises much more than the friend, as the hir'd mourners weep more than those whose grief is sincere.

Derisor.] The banterer for the flatterer.

433. *Vero laudatore.*] An honest man who praises what he thinks deserves it, and speaks from his conscience.

434. *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis.*] A Poet should

do like great lords, who drink a man up to a pitch, to see if he betrays a secret in his cups, before they trust him with one; otherwise he will be apt to mistake flatterers for true friends. Tiberius put his confidants to this drunken trial.

437. *Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*] Horace alludes to the fable of the Fox and the Raven, quoted by Nannius in his commentaries. Monsieur de la Fontaine has taken care not to forget it, and has surpass the ancients in its simplicity and gaiety.

438. *Quintilio si quid recitares.*] The Poet Quintilius Varus, a relation and intimate friend of Virgil and Horace's. The latter addresses the VIIIth Ode of the first Book to him, and mourns his death in the XXIVth Ode. He had been dead some time when this epistle to the Piso's was written, for which reason he says, *recitares, jubebat, fumebat*, terms never us'd but of a person that is dead.

440. *Delere jubebat.*] When an author has try'd and cannot correct a place, he thinks he may let it go; but Quintilius was in such a case for blotting it out; a piece of cruelty the moderns are seldom guilty of.

441. *Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.*] Horace is blam'd for making use of two figures in the same verse; but it happens that he uses one only, for tho' he mentions the anvil, the figure is one, and that is the working of the iron. Propertius in the last Elegy of the IId Book, says the same.

Incipe jam Augusto versus componere torno,

Inque tuos ignes, dure poeta, veni.

442. *Si defendere delictum quàm vertere malles.*] Authors very often are fond of those places which are most liable to exception. They are their Favourites, and if you will take their words, the best of their works.

443. *Quin sine rivali.*] And they admire them as often without rivals.

445. *Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes.*]

These five verses are admirable, and include almost all that the rhetoricians have said of Criticism, which consists of three things, adding, retrenching and altering.

445. *Versus reprehendet inertes.*] There are few pieces to be met with now-a-days, without all the faults Horace collects in these five verses; but the faults of the greatest writers are only worth taking notice of, because their very faults may be imitated as well as their beauties: suppose Monsieur Corneille had given his fine tragedy of Pompey to Quintilius to examine; may we not conclude, that in the III^d scene of the II^d act, when Cleopatra says,

Je connois ma portée, et ne prens point le change.

He would have thought this verse *iners*, poor, weak and mean, as well as those that follow in the III^d scene of the III^d act.

Caes. *Comme a-t-elle reçu les offres de ma flamme?*

Ant. *Comme n'osant la croire, et la croyant dans l'ame,
Par un refus modeste et fait pour inviter,
Elle s'en dit indigne, et la croit meriter.*

'As one that durst not believe what she did believe in her soul. By a modest refusal, she said she was unworthy of a passion, which she thought she deserv'd.' These verses are flat and affected; very far from the character of Mark Antony, and tragedy. The language is mean, and only fit for a life-guard-man.

446. *Culpabit duos.*] Verses may be hard either for the words, or the things; the last is the greatest fault. Monsieur Corneille has been guilty of it in these:

*Les Princes ont cela de leur haute naissance,
Leur ame dans leur sang prend des impressions,
Qui dessous leur vertu rangent leurs passions.*

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'Tis hard and shocking to say, ' The soul takes impressions
' of virtue in the blood,' which is as contrary to the Ethicks,
as the Theology of the Pagans: of the same kind is, what
Caesar says in the II^d scene of the III^d act.

*Et qui verse en nos coeurs, avec l'ame et le sang,
Et la haine du nom, et le mépris du rang.*

Rome did not instil in a Roman the soul and blood.

Incomitis allinet atrum.] Quintilius would have set this
mark as without grace and ornament, on what Achoree says
in the II^d scene of the II^d act, speaking of Pompey who was
just expir'd.

*Et tient la trahison, que le roy leur prescrit,
Trop au dessous de luy pour y prester l'esprit.
Sa vertu dans leur crime augmente ainsi son lustre,
Et son dernier soupir est un soupir illustre.*

'Tis subtil, affected, without grace, and is faulty in the turn
and expression.

447. *Transverso calamo signum.*] He would draw a line
quite cross it, which the Latins and Greeks call *obelum*, he
would strike it out.

Ambitiosa recidet ornamenta.] Such emphatical ornaments
are censur'd, and what Achoree says on Pompey's head,
would, I doubt not, have been condemn'd by Quintilius.
'Tis in the III^d scene of the III^d act.

*Aces mots Achilles découvre cette teste;
Il semble qu' à parler encore elle s' appreste,
Qu' à ce nouvel affront un reste de chaleur
En sanglots mal formés exhale sa douleur.
Sa bouche encore ouverte, et sa vûë égarée
Rappellent sa grande ame à peine séparée, &c.*

Does not Monsieur Corneille amuse himself a little unseasonably, in painting the grimaces of this head: the ornament, to use Horace's term, is ambitious; the image has nothing in it noble or natural.

448. *Parum claris lucem addere coget.*] Obscurity is the greatest vice in a discourse. Photius talks very obscurely, when he says to Ptolomy, in the first scene of Monsieur Corneille's Pompey:

*Le choix des actions ou mauvaises, ou bonnes,
Ne fait qu'aneantir la force des couronnes.*

He means that the virtue which inclines kings to good actions, rather than bad, weakens their power; but says only, 'that the choice of actions, either good or bad, weakens the power of kings,' which is very dark.

449. *Arguet ambiguum dictum.*] 'Ambiguity, says Quintilian, must above all things be avoided.'

Mutanda notabit.] 'He will at last mark exactly whatever is to be alter'd. Quintilian declares, that adding and retrenching are easiest in correction, altering very difficult. *Sed facilius in his simpliciusque judicium quae replenda vel deji-cienda sunt, &c.* 'Tis easiest and soonest done, when we have only to add or to retrench; but when we must bring down what is too lofty, reduce what is too abounding, place aright what is out of its order, gather together what is dispers'd, and abridge what is too long; this is a double trouble, for we must condemn what has pleas'd, and find out that which escap'd us.' *Mutanda* does not here signify to change the place only, but also the alterations Quintilian speaks of: perhaps what Caesar says in the IIId scene of the IVth act, would have been alter'd by Quintilius:

*M'ont rendu le premier et le maître du monde.
C'est ce glorieux titre à présent effectif
Que je viens ennoblir par celui de captif;*

*Heureux si mon esprit gagne tant sur le vostre,
Qu'il en estime l'un, et me permette l'autre.*

Caesar would hardly have said, 'he had made the glorious title he had acquir'd of master of the world, more noble by that of slave.' His courtship would certainly have been more worthy of so glorious a title; and I can scarce think Quintilius would have suffer'd what he adds afterwards:

*Mais las ! contre mon feu mon feu me sollicite.
Si je veux esire à vous, il faut que je vous quitte.*

Or what Cleopatra says in the first scene of the second act,

*Et si jamais le ciel favorisoit ma couche
De quelque rejeton de cette illustre souche,
Cette heureuse union de mon sang et du sien
Uniroit à jamais son destin et le mien.*

which offends modesty, and is very far from the discretion of Virgil, who does not make Dido speak so freely 'till after consummation, and when there was no need of ceremony.

450. *Fiet Aristarchus.*] Aristarchus was a very great critick, who liv'd in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was contemporary with Callimachus; he wrote above four-score volumes of commentaries on Homer, Aristophanes, and all the other Greek Poets: he revis'd and corrected Homer, which work is lost, with the rest of his criticisms, which were so nice and penetrating, that he was commonly call'd the Diviner, on account of his great sagacity.

Cur ego amicum offendam in nugis.] The usual language of flatterers: why should I offend my friend for trifles, by telling him his verses are not good?

451. *Hae nugae seriae ducent in mala.*] Horace replies very well, what you call trifles will be fatal to the Poet, whom you abuse by concealing your true sentiments from him.

452. *Derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.*] This verse will bear a double signification. 'As when the world, or as when you shall once make a fool of him:' the first construction seems to me to be wrong. Horace is not here talking of the evils which will happen to this ill Poet, after the publick has made a fool of him; but of those that shall happen to him, after his flattering friend has made a fool of him, by deceiving him with false praise; he would prove that it is the cause of all his misfortunes, because if he talk'd sincerely to him at first, he might have cur'd him of his itch of poetry.

453. *Ut mala quam scabies.*] He terms that poetical itch, *mala scabies*, which Celsus calls *fera scabies*, the most dangerous leprosy.

Morbus regius.] *Morbus arquatus*, the jaundice. Lucretius:

*Lurida praeterea fiunt quaecumque tuentur
Arquati.*——

* Every thing looks yellow to those that have the jaundice: 'twas call'd the Royal Disease, because 'twas said there was no remedy for it, but to live the life of a king.

454. *Aut fanaticus error.*] The Fanaticks, that is, the Demoniacks. *Aut iracunda Diana*, 'those stricken by Diana,' that is, Lunaticks. The ancients believ'd all diseases infectious.

456. *Incautique sequuntur.*] Incauti, the imprudent, who don't see to what danger they expose themselves, in following a madman.

457. *Hic dum sublimis versus rufatur.*] *Sublimes*, those he thinks the most sublime; or *sublimes*, which he makes looking up to heaven, as if he would from thence fetch his enthusiasm: wherefore it has also been read *sublimis*, with reference to the Poet. *Sublimis*, *μετῶπος*, 'who goes looking up to heaven;' but *sublimes versus* seems to me to be

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better. Horace diverts himself with describing the frenzy of a Poet, whom flatterers have made mad.

Ructatur.] He vomits them; the sophist Aristides said to an emperor, 'we are not some of those who vomit up their writings, but those who make them.'

459. *Succurrite longum clamat.*] By this *longum clamat*, Horace shews the custom of those cripples that begg'd on the high-way, pronouncing the word *succurrite*, but drawling it out so, that they made it last half an hour: our beggars understand this way perfectly well. *Longum* has been interpreted from afar, very loud; but I take it to be a long while.

462. *Qui scis an prudens huc se dejecerit.*] There's no folly of which an ill Poet is not capable.

463. *Siculique Poëtae narrabo interitum.*] The death of Empedocles at Agrigentum, Gergenti, a town in Sicily.

465. *Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aetnam insiluit.*] Empedocles, a great philosophical Poet, who wrote three books of the nature of things quoted by Aristotle: he also wrote on Xerxes's expedition; but his daughter or sister burnt that piece: he flourish'd about 450 years before Christ. Lucretius has a fine encomium on him in his first Book.

*Nil tamen hoc habuisse viro praeclarius in se
Nec sanctum magis, &c.*

The story of his flinging himself into mount Aetna is only grounded on one of Empedocles's shoes found near a gap of that mountain; and 'twas said the fiery vortex's whirl'd him into it. Timaeus assures us Empedocles dy'd in Peloponnesus; and Neanthes of Cyzicum reports, that falling out of a coach he broke his leg and dy'd.

465. *Ardentem frigidus Aetnam.*] The word *frigidus* has been variously expounded: some pretend Horace means mad by it, and others cold. The first exposition is the worst, the second bad enough; there being little cold blood in so

desperate an action. By *frigidus*, Horace would describe all the extravagance of a madman, who to get the name of a god, seeks a death which he's afraid to find: he would be a god, and he dies with fear.

467. *Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*] There's no likelihood Horace should say this in general: the maxim would be too extravagant; he doubtless speaks only of Poets, *invitum Poëtam*. Others that fall into melancholy may be cur'd; 'tis to be hop'd they will grow wiser, as it happen'd to Damasippus, whom Stertinius hinder'd from flinging himself into the Tiber, as Horace himself writes in the III^d Satire of the II^d Book.

Solatus jussit sapientem, &c.

But as for Poets there's no hope of them, their madness is desperate, they are incurable, and to be given over.

469. *Et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.*] Tho' the Poet may be hinder'd from destroying himself once, it would still run in his head, and he would attempt it again. *Famosa Mors*, a death, that will make the world talk of him.

470. *Nec satis apparet cur versus facit.*] What crime must that man be guilty of, who has so drawn down the vengeance of the gods, as to be possess'd with the fury of making verses. Horace talks of bad Poets as people generally do of the wretched, 'he must have done some horrid thing,' &c.

471.] *Minxerit in patrios cineres.*] 'Twas very profane among the ancients to piss in a holy place. Perseus in his first Satire:

*Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Meiite. ———*

' paint two snakes on the wall, the place, children, is sacred,
' go piss without; ' but was a double profanation to piss on a

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lamb, and a horrible sacrilege to piss on the tomb of one's father or ancestors.

An triste bidental moverit incestus.] When a place was stricken with thunder or lightning, 'twas thought to be devoted to consecration, and the diviners went immediately and sacrific'd a young sheep there; then they inclos'd it with stakes, a line, or a wall, and from that moment 'twas sacred: 'twas call'd *Bidental*, from *Bidente*, the name of the sheep there sacrific'd: 'twas sacrilege to remove its bounds, *movere Bidental*. If a dead man was stricken with thunder or lightning, he was not to be burnt by Numa's law, he was to be bury'd in the same place. Perseus calls even the man that's thunder-struck *Bidental*.

An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque jubente

Triste jaces lucis evitandumque bidental.

472. *Incestus.*] As the ancients were wont to say Chaste for Pious, so they also said *Incestus* for Impious.

4 FE 64

TRANSLATION of the following Verse
from LUCAN.

Victrix Causa Diis placuit, sed Victa Catoni.

THE Gods were pleas'd to chuse the conqu'ring
side,
But CATO thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.



F I N I S.

TRANSCRIPTION of the following Verse
from Lucan.

Atque Causa Dei placuit, sed non Causa.

THE Gods were pleas'd to share the conquering

But Cato thought himself conquer'd by J.

4 TE 64

T I N I S

